THE SATIRIST,

OR

MONTHLY METEOR.

JUNE 1, 1808.

THE BANK OF FAITH, AND THE NEW LIGHT.

MR. SATIRIST,

IT was shrewdly observed by a fellow who had more wit than worth, that

"Wherever God erects a house of prayer,
The Devil's sure t' erect a temple near;"

the transition from the one to the other, therefore, is natural enough; and you will not wonder that I, who am disposed to seek for information wherever it is likely to be found, should have passed from the house of *damnation* (you may take the word either in a literary or spiritual sense) to the temple of *salvation*. The difference, indeed, between them is less than may at first sight appear: in our days temples of vanity and dissipation have been converted into temples of *grace*; and those who are in the habit of frequenting either, must have frequently witnessed preaching and praying on the stage, and theatrical rant and gesture in the pulpit: so nearly do extremes meet. You have probably formed wrong ideas of the amuse-

ments to be found in a conventicle; for our judgment is too liable to be imposed upon by names. I can assure you, however, that in no place will you find so much genuine humour, or such fit subjects for ridicule; and none, therefore, can be so proper for you to frequent. In the mean time, till you have a *call*, or are *seriously inclined*, as the phrase is, to experience this, I beg leave to communicate unto you the word which, to my great *refreshment*, I did hear, and to send you a sketch of what my eyes did see, "without a glass between,"* that the picture may supply what my words may fail to illustrate. And I trust the same disposition, which led you last month to communicate so readily to the public my description of *the New Drop Scene and Board of Management*, will now induce you to give publicity to my observations on a no less interesting subject; and that through you the NEW LIGHT may be more widely diffused, and the credit of THE BANK OF FAITH supported.

Desirous to hear the *word*, I went to a place where I was told the *dear people* assembled. I shall not describe the building, because it is the assembly of communicants and not wood, and brick and mortar, which constitutes a church. The extraordinary devotion, which I observed among these, exceeded even what I had been led to expect. When I entered they were in full chorus, and never before did I hear such sounds; their voices did not proceed through the *ungodly* passage of the throat, like those of carnal people, but were spiritualized, and ascended through the nose, forming a concert of no *human* music. This extraordinary banquet of the ears produced in me that sort of stupor, and confusion of ideas, which is the general result of feeding too heartily on things hard of digestion. But the voice of the preacher soon awakened

* See Evangelical Magazine, 1807, p. 124.

me. He was a *fine man*, and his words *refreshed* me: I have not forgotten them; they shall speak conviction to those who have not *grace*, and comfort to such as have *faith*.

"Sweet babes of grace," said he, "and ye, dearest sisters, who are filled with the raptures of the new birth, I have told you often and often, and I now tell you so again, that by *good works* you will get nothing, but by faith every thing. When I was a coal-heaver I was accounted by all a good workman; but what did that matter? I raised the coal on my shoulders, but I sweated for another's profit: I was nigh dead by work; I now *raise the coal* without sweating at all, for I live by *faith*, and am S. S. that is, Sinner Saved. I will speak of myself, and by my example you shall perceive how much by faith may be gained. I have told you the story before, but that may not hinder me now from repeating it. The second draught of a pot of porter is just of the same quality as the first, yet you keep on repeating your draughts till you have emptied the pot, and perhaps another to that, and at last your brain is muddled: for the same reason I repeat my story.

"After I had begun to speak the word, having had my horse for some time, and riding a great deal every week, I soon wore my *breeches** out, as they were not fit to ride in. I hope, sweet sisters, ye will excuse my mentioning the word *breeches*, which I should have avoided, had not this passage of scripture intruded into my mind, just as I had resolved, in my own thoughts, not to mention this kind providence of my Master. "And thou shalt make linen breeches to cover their nakedness; from the loins even unto the thighs shall they reach," Exod. xxviii. 42.

* See Bank of Faith, by William Huntingdon, S. S. We perceive that our friend Thomaso has committed divers plagiarisms from this said Bank of Faith.

Again, Levit. vi. 10. "And the priest shall put on his linen garment and his linen breeches." And Levit. xvi. 4. "He shall have the linen breeches upon his flesh." So too in Ezek. xliv. 18. "They shall have linen bonnets upon their heads, and linen breeches upon their loins." By which I saw it was no crime to mention *breeches*, nor the way in which my Master sent mine to me; Aaron and his sons being clothed entirely by Providence.

"The scripture tells us to call no man master, for one is our master. It is said also, we cannot serve two masters, God and Mammon: now you have good reason to know which master I serve. I therefore told my most bountiful Master that I was in sad want of the breeches; and he who stripped Adam and Eve of their fig-leaved aprons, and made coats of skins, and clothed them, must clothe us, or we shall soon go naked, like those of the ungodly, who have now little more than a fig-leaf to cover them; and whose skirts, for their iniquities, their adulteries, their neighings, and abominations, are discovered, and their heels made bare, as Israel found when God took away his wool and his flax, which he had prepared for Baal. Jer. xiii.

"I often made very free in my prayers with my valuable master for these same breeches; but hestill kept me so amazingly poor, that I could not get them at any rate. At last I was determined to go to a friend of mine at Kingston, who is of that branch of business, to bespeak a pair; and to get him to trust me until my Master sent me money to pay him. I was that day going to London, fully determined to bespeak them as I rode through the town. However, when I passed the shop I forgot it, for my mind was not then thinking on carnal things: but when I came to London I called on Mr. Croucher, a shoe-maker in Shepherd's Market, who told me a parcel was left there for me, but what it was he knew not. I opened it, and

behold there was a pair of *leather breeches!* and in the breeches was a note, the substance of which was, to the best of my remembrance, as follows:

"SIR,—Seeing your nakedness, I have sent you a pair of breeches, and hope they will fit. I beg your acceptance of them; and if they want any alteration, leave, in a note, what the alteration is, and I will call in a few days and alter them. I. S."

"I tried them on, and they fitted as well as if I had been measured for them; at which I was amazed, having never been measured by any leather-breeches maker in London. I wrote an answer to the note to this effect:

"SIR, or MADAM,—I received your present and thank you for it. I was going to order a pair of leather-breeches to be made, because I did not know till now that my Master had bespoke them of you. They fit very well; which fully convinces me that the same God, who moved thy heart to give, guided thy hand to cut; because he perfectly knows my size, having clothed me in a miraculous and genteel manner for near five years; and when you are in trouble, I hope you will tell my Master of this, and what you have done for me, and he will repay you with honour."

"This is as nearly as I am able to relate it; and I added, I cannot make out your subscription I. S., unless I put *I* for Israelite indeed, and *S* for *sincerity*; because you did not "sound a trumpet before you as the hypocrites do."

"And here I may notice the peculiar kindness of my Master to me, in ordering *leather*-breeches for me, and not *linen*-breeches, as was done of old for Aaron and his sons; for I wanted the breeches to ride in: and if they had been of linen only, peradventure I should have been sorely galled, sweet sisters.

"About that time twelvemonth I got another pair of

breeches in the same manner, without my ever being measured for them.

"And as I have been clothed so have I been fed. When I have been hungry my bountiful Master, in whom I put my faith, has filled me. Legs of mutton, followed by turnips, have come and boiled themselves in my pot, and I have not known whence they came; but I have always found them exceeding good. Whatever are my wants, I draw on the Bank of Faith; you accept my drafts, because you know that my Master is *good*, and that in due time my drafts will be honoured. If you are not blind, then, you must see that FAITH is all in all. Avoid then good works, which can only lessen the merit of your faith. Though robbery, adultery, and murder, are forbidden by the commandments, yet nevertheless if you commit them, and still have faith to be saved, the greater your faith, and therefore the greater your merit. This is the *new light* to illumine the benighted mind, and to burn up as stubble the words of such as do gainsay it."

He ceased to speak, but his words appeared not to have been lost upon his flock. I beheld the real *workings of the spirit* in one serious sister, whose whole soul seemed intoxicated with the frequent draughts which she took of the *liquor of life*. While one of the elect was endeavouring by means of an ear-trumpet, to catch the words of the preacher, another of the faithful, with his eyes devoutly raised, as if in godly inspiration, was most *gracefully* picking his pocket. In another part of the chapel a pious sister, who exhibited evident symptoms of her having studied practically the doctrines of the *new birth*, was receiving the kiss of holy love from a godly brother. Love-feasts, indeed, seemed to have been a favourite part of their devotion; for I perceived several children, whom I understood to be *babes of grace*, two of whom, by the bye, were fighting the good fight. Among these was a

serious person, with a large bundle of warrants of bastardy, and orders of filiation, and a petition addressed to the communicants to contribute to their support, to which, as they had most of them contributed to their birth, there seemed to be no reasonable objection.

I ought to have noticed several inscriptions on the walls and on the pulpit; some of them however will appear in the drawing which accompanies this, in which it will be seen that the pulpit is denominated a *magazine*, and a curious table of contents is annexed.

But, oh! the words which my ears did hear! No, it is impossible to communicate the impression which they made on my mind. I found myself, as it were, in another state of existence listening to no mortal being. The more I reflected on what I heard, the more amazed I became; and raising my eyes, which in the conviction of my own sinfulness I had fixed on the earth, as I looked towards the preacher of the word, I beheld, standing on the edge of the pulpit, by his side, a winged form of fearful aspect, clothed in darkness and in terror, who leaned familiarly on the preacher's shoulder. In his right hand he held up *drafts on the Bank of Faith*, and the *Methodist's* and *Evangelical Magazine*, and a pair of *breeches*, while from behind him he sent forth a great, a *new light*, like unto lightnings, which melted a crown and mitres that lay beneath, and burned up like chaff a parcel of *good works*, among which I observed, *Hints to the Public, by a Barrister*.

Unaccustomed to such a blaze, I hastened from the scene; and while the impression was still strong on my mind made the drawing, which I now send to you; in which I have been particularly studious to preserve the effects of the *new light* as strongly as possible.

I am, Mr. Satirist, your's in all love and charity,

May 10, 1808. THOMASO SCRUTINY.

WILLIAM LORT MANSEL, D. D.

Master of Trinity College in the University of Cambridge.

SHORTLY after this truly ingenious SATIRIST had taken his A. B. degree, in 1774, several well-written epigrams were circulated by him, with an eager facetiousness of manner, that evinced the pleasure our student took in their augmenting fame. One of these was particularly admired on three accounts: 1st because its subject was, and still is, a gentleman of some note; 2dly. because the lines are in themselves neat; 3dly. because a superior scholar condescended to tip the shaft with gold, by giving it anew in an admirable translation.

It seems Dr. Joseph Jowett, of Trinity-hall, had recently amused himself and the public by constructing a pretty bit of a fairy garden, with narrow walks, enamelled with shells and pellucid pebbles; and the whole enclosed with a delicate and curious kind of Chinese railing. The original lines ran thus.

ON THE GARDEN OF JOSEPH JOWETT, LL. D.

" A little garden, little JOWETT made,
And fenc'd it with a little pallisade:
If you would know the taste of little JOWETT,
This little garden won't a little shew it."

I am not quite sure that the Doctor was, actually, LL. D. at the *first* publication; but I know I have seen the epigram *very lately*, with a title as above. Dr. Robert Glynn, of King's, so honourably panegyrized in *the Pursuits of Literature*, under the title of "*the lov'd Iapis on the banks of Cam*," [See P. of L. part IV. pages 444, 445, the eleventh edition, 1801.] with great felicity translated Dr. Mansel's *jeu d'esprit* in this

EPIGRAM.

" Exiguum hunc hortum finxit Turdettulus ille
Exiguus : vallo et muniit exiguo ;
Exiguo hoc hortô forsan Turdettulus ille
Exiguus mentem prodidit exiguam."

Francis Hodgson, A. M. Fellow of Dr. Glynn's college, slily introduces the Doctor's version in his notes to his spirited translation of his Juvenal, [see page 380, Satire III. note on line 329.] Mr. Hodgson endeavours to *amuse* us, with giving a *twist* to his account, but I am " an old cock," Mr. Satirist, and am not easily deceived in such matters as these, *which have once been known*. I am Mr. H.'s senior, and am no stranger at either Oxon or Granta.

One afternoon, whilst Dr. (then Mr.) Mansel was diverting a knot of wits with the repetition of exquisite jokes and jests, " that in his full mouth never could cool," the nephew of poor Kit Smart, the Rev. Christopher Hunter, (then tutor and fellow of Sidney, and now rector of Gayton, Northamp.) happened to be present. Mr. Hunter is suspected to have been, unjustly, *satirized* in POMPEY THE LITTLE, under the name of Williams. After hearing a multiplicity of good things, in which *his* college unfortunately had no part, Mr. Hunter, with impatience, somewhat petulantly exclaimed: " Well, well, Sir ! but what say you to *my* college ?" " *Your* college, Mr. Hunter, YOUR college !—Oh ! no harm, be assured: stay, let me see. Was not OLIVER CROMWELL brought up there ? Aye, I have it !—

ON SIDNEY COLLEGE.

" There's little Sidney-Sussex, then ;
Oh ! why should I affront her ?
She hath produc'd just *two* great men,
NOLL CROMWELL, and—KIT HUNTER !"

The Rev. Christopher Hunter was quite satisfied.

A fellow of a college, Mr. Satirist, is either a most amiable, or a most insignificant character. To the honour of both our universities be it written, that they abound with as many worthy men, in that *easy* station, as can well be expected to remain cooped within college walls: indeed, I could name several gentlemen, whose respectability does honour to their own college in particular, and to their university in general. But, Sir, many there are, of the species here alluded to, whose personal insignificancy can never be sufficiently ridiculed, and whose collegiate pride can never be sufficiently exposed. In the following sketch every OXONIAN will recognize the hand of a consummate master; for "thus painters write their names at Co." [*Burke.* "*Thoughts on a Regicide Peace.*"]

WILLIAMS was, in the first place, a man of the most exact and punctilious neatness: his shoes were always blacked in the nicest manner, his wigs powdered with the most finical delicacy, and he would scold his laundress for a whole morning together, if he discovered a wry plait in the sleeve of his shirt, or the least speck of dirt on any part of his linen. He rose constantly to chapel, and afterwards proceeded with great importance to breakfast, which, moderately speaking, took up two hours of his morning; for, when he had done sipping his tea, he used to wash up the cups with the most orderly exactness, and replace them with the utmost regularity in their corner-cupboard. After this, he drew on his boots, ordered his horse, and rode out for the air, having been told that a sedentary life was destructive of the constitution, and that too much study impaired the health. At his return he had barely time to wash his hands, clean his teeth, and put on a fresh-powdered wig, before the college-bell summoned him to dinner in the public hall. When this great affair was ended, he spent an hour with the rest of the fellows in the common-room to digest his meal, and then went to

the coffee-house to read the newspapers; where he loitered away that heavy interval which passed between dinner and the hour appointed for afternoon tea: but, as soon as the clock struck three, he tucked up his gown, and flew with all imaginable haste to some of the young ladies in the town, who all esteemed him (like your HENRY KIRKE WHITE, I suppose, Mr. Southey!) a prodigious genius, and were ready to laugh at his wit before he had opened his mouth. In these agreeable visits he remained till the time of evening chapel; and when this was over, supper succeeded next to find him fresh employment; from whence he repaired again to the coffee-house, and then to some engagement he had made at a friend's room to spend the remaining part of the evening. By this account of his day's transactions the reader will see how very impossible it was for him to find leisure for study in the midst of so many important avocations: yet he made a shift, sometimes, to play half a tune on the German flute in a morning, and, once in a quarter of a year, took the pains to transcribe a sermon out of various authors.

Another part of his character was a great affectation of politeness, which is more pretended to in universities where less of it is practised, than in any other part of the kingdom. Thus WILLIAMS, like many others, was always talking of genteel life, to which end he was plentifully provided with stories by a female cousin, who kept a milliner's shop in London, and never failed to let him know by letters what passed among the great; though she frequently mistook the names of the people, and attributed scandal to one lord which was the property of another. Her cousin, however, did not find out the mistakes, but retailed her blunders about the colleges with great confidence and security.

But nothing in the world pleased him more than shewing *the lions* in the university to strangers, and especially

to ladies; which he thought gave him an air of acquaintance with genteel folks.

I remain, Mr. Satirist, your's,

C. C. C. Oxford. CYRILLUS.

THE STAGE.

A SATIRE.

"To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,"
At once to please and to amend the heart;
To bid the tear of holy pity flow
In grateful sympathy for others' woe;
For this, when wit, and elegance, and peace,
Conspired to bless the favoured states of Greece,
The STAGE arose; and, to its duty true,
With genuine Nature gratified the view.
There mournful Tragedy awoke the sigh,
And called the dew of pity to the eye;
There might neglected worth sweet solace find,
And almost learn to pardon base mankind.
For this Electra's bard,* with chastened fire,
Struck the soft strings of Sorrow's wailful lyre;
For this great Sophocles his bold harp strung,
Whilst raptured myriads blest the lays he sung.
There too chaste Comedy was often seen,
Where potent wit flashed through each lively scene,
Mingled with sterling satire, smooth and keen!
From this the youth important lessons drew,
And with the precept caught th' example too;
Vice by her own deformity was scared,
And Virtue, patient, waited her reward.

* Euripides.

When Græcia's sun, with faint di minished rays,
(Sad contrast to its once resplendant blaze !)
Scarce served to shew, 'bove desolation's tide,
Th' imperfect vestiges of former pride ;
The histrionic art, at rising Rome,
With every sister science, found a home.
'Twas her's each manly virtue to inspire,
With ev'ry grace the feeling breast to fire ;
The good to animate, the bad restrain ;
Those felt her praise, but these her high disdain :
The cause of Truth she proudly made her own,
And, in her native dignity, with dazzling lustre shone !
Arrived the period, when, by Fate decreed,
Declining Rome should fallen Greece succeed :
(Yet, like the Phœnix, ere she sinks in flame,
See a successor rising to her fame ;)
So Britain rose, so saw her fame increase,
And soon eclipse the boasts of Rome and Greece.
Here the sweet Swan of Avon lent his aid,
And with new graces deck'd the buskin'd maid ;
Taught her each avenue and secret part,
Each spring and impulse of the human heart,
To mould it to her will ; to freeze, to warm,
Or thrill with soft inexplicable charm.
Such once the Stage ; but how shall I relate
The foul dishonour of its present state ?
Where shall we wander now, alas ! to find
Something to please and yet instruct the mind,
Where brilliant genius burns in ev'ry thought :
Such as great Shakspeare, or learned Jonson wrote ?
Alas ! th' inquiry and the search are vain !
For e'en the classic boards of Drury-lane,—
False to their trust, by vicious taste subdued,—
With vulgar *tricks* amuse the multitude !

Virtue, and Wit, and Sentiment have flown,
And grinning Folly claims the Stage alone!
O strange reverse! yet not more strange than true,
Which Reason's sober eye will grieve to view!
O foul perversion! O inglorious rage
For novelty—the curse that marks the age!
Yet not to Drury be our strictures tied,
Alas! th' infection rages far and wide!
And, far as Britain's rock-bound shores extend,
From eastern Yarmouth to the bleak Land's-End,
No more can Shakspeare's once-delighting page
Please the fastidious judgment of the age;
No more can Dryden's Muse afford delight,
Nor Young's chaste genius due applause excite.
Now German monsters nauseate the brains,
Lust, rapine, murder, spectres, daggers, chains!
Or, should the Muse a softer theme approve,
Shew the *pure* pleasures of illicit love!
So faithless spouses of a *Haller's* fate,
Make it their aim—*her deeds to emulate!*
And whilst a *Friburg's* tale their bosom warms,
Consenting maidens, blind to future harms,
Sink not, but FLY—to some seducer's arms!!
From *their* bewray'd imaginations came
(At once my country's idol, and its shame)
That foul farrago called a *melo-drame!*
But tell me, dramatists, *, ah! tell me whence
Those glaring insults to a nation's sense;
The stupid *Ballet*, and the *Pantomime?*
Imported neat from *Gallia's* VIRTUOUS clime!!

* This word is here used in its largest acceptation, including those who frequent, or are conversant in the affairs of, the theatre, as well as those to whom it is *generally* applied.

Oh happy Britain! O enlightened age!
O memorable æra of the Stage!
Vile Shakspeare hence! away ye Gothic crew!
Sagacious JOHNNY must have *something new;*
And, lo! obedient to the *wise* command,
A host of literary panders stand,
And, baited from *those* sources of delight,
Ne'er fail to find the eager *gudgeons* bite.

Yet, pardon German mongers of affright,
Ye bright reflectors of the modern light!
Pardon and cancel what may seem to shew
That you *alone* the depths of folly know.
Alas! with mingled shame and grief I own,
The choicest writers of this sickly town
Stretch forth their leaden pens, and proudly claim
Co-rival wreaths and equi-lustrous fame!
Thus, taught by you, ye sons of night and gloom,
Who first, from Horror's black terrific womb,
Raised, by the discords of your grating lyre,
" Gorgons and hydras, and chimeras dire:
Boldly they write—what though the critics sigh—
Us'd to the scourge, its lashes they defy;
To such unknown sublimity they soar,
Their *pathos* keeps the audience in a roar!
For lofty flights of poetry, we find
Inverted phrase, with many a pause disjoined,
To please the *ear*, but cheat the hungry mind!
For sentiment, a loathsome mawkish cant;
For true sublimity, a fustian rant!
Listless we sit, but nought, alas! can hear,
Save childish chit-chat worrying the ear;
And now and then, when wearied patience nods,
A smutty jest to please the attic Gods!

For wit we meet with pun and pointless joke,
Detected quibble, and low *equivoque ;*
A glow-worm spark beneath a cloud of smoke!
O! when shall exiled Taste and Wit again
Resume their empire o'er the hearts of men ?
When shall the Stage, from all its dross refined,
Present a banquet to the hungry *mind?*
Haste, welcome period! haste, O happy day!
Ye "tardy-gaited" hours no more delay ;
Friends to the cause of Virtue! lend your hand
To drive these reigning monsters from the land,
Ballet and Pantomime, and Melo-drame ;
Unite their glories in—*a common flame!*
So shall the British Stage again become
The proud competitor of Greece and Rome!

DEFENCE OF THE STAGE.

SIR,

THOUGH (to give the devil his due) your publication is conducted, in general, with much acuteness and judgment, and lashes with laudable severity the follies of the day, yet there is one subject on which, in my humble opinion (and I am positive every sensible man agrees with me), you have not displayed your usual discrimination. I mean, Sir, your strictures on our modern dramas. You reprehend them as "tales told by ideots, full of sound and fury, signifying—nothing." Nay, you have insinuated that our theatricals are dwindled down to a puerile insignificance, and are guided by a jobbing spirit; or, to express myself in your waggish way, that the British *Stage* has become a *hackney-coach.* I can no longer be silent. I feel myself bound, in common justice,

to come forward, as the defender of those ingenious ladies and gentlemen who yearly oblige the town with their performances: and who, as I conceive, deserve something more of the public than to be decried as silly triflers and farcical fools. Now, Sir, in the first place, with regard to our modern dramatists being triflers, I answer, that, supposing them to be such, they have only accommodated their productions to the taste of the majority of their audience, which is proved by their success, so you cannot but allow them a negative merit in having drest out *Nonsense* so splendidly, that her old acquaintances don't know her. I have heard, indeed, many inconsiderate people remark, that none but fools could be pleased with such trash, that for their part they could make neither head nor tail of it; but let it be remembered, a literary performance may be either *above* or *beneath* comprehension. I do not hesitate to declare my opinion, that our modern writers generally fall under the first case, and that the difficulty of comprehending them arises from their profundity. To apply the expression of the great Johnson: "they furnish *plays*, but they are not bound to furnish *understanding*." Allowing, however, our theatrical writers to be mere triflers, let us inquire whether that very trifling which you so severely criticise, instead of constituting a charge against them, ought not to be adduced as a most evident proof of their merit. You will allow, that adherence to Nature is the indispensable requisite of legitimate drama; and, I believe, you will also allow, that you never in common life heard dialogues like those of Vanbrugh, Congreve, &c.: now nothing but what exists in common life can be natural. Aristotle himself could not deny it. In common life we hear common things:

> "Snip-snap short, and interruptions quick,
> And demonstrations thin, and theses thick;"—

Dialogues which keep "the even tenor of their way," with now and then a pun, clinch, joke, or moral sentiment, according to the particular humour or situation of the speaker. The "Polite Conversation" of Dean Swift is of this description, and the dialogues of our modern dramas are precisely the same. You find nothing in them but what you may every day hear in common life: an incontrovertible proof of their strict adherence to Nature. I know many are weak enough to prefer the plays of Congreve and the old, to those of Kenney and the new school. But I would ask these gentlemen, where would have been the merit, or who would have applauded the late George Morland, had he, instead of drawing horses and asses in the exact resemblance of nature, represented them frisking about with gold and silver hoofs, or with splendid crimson tails and manes? While Congreve and the old school of dramatists have decked out their characters in all the tinsel of a May-day chimney-sweep, and made them throw out brilliant flashes of wit in *common conversation*, which probably cost the author considerable time and trouble to compose *in his closet*, Messrs. Kenney, Dibdin, and the new school, have drawn their personages to appear the same tedious fools on the stage of the theatre as on that of the world.

So much for their dialogue. As to their plots, which several carping critics denounce as farcical and ridiculous, I shall not rest their defence on my own weak reasoning, but bring forward a phalanx of evidence for their justification, which would have made even Bentley shake in his shoes. Be so good, Sir, as to look into the poetical statute book, Aristotle, Περι Ποιητικης, and you will perceive the arch critic inform us, το γελοιον, or "*fun*," is the essence of comedy. Plato likewise gives comedy the generic term—"the ridiculous." Cicero affirms, a long nose, gimblet eyes, &c. to be most "excellent good"

jests: and Lucian and Julius Pollux declare the Athenian audiences would laugh hours, "*sans intermission*," at quizzical entrances, similar to our high collars, huge cravats, little hats, curled pigtails, &c. I need not call to your recollection, Sir, the Socratic basket of Aristophanes, which forms a precedent for modern cases, where tables, chairs, water-tubs, &c. are conspicuous performers; nor do I doubt, when I remind you of that passage in Plato's Republic, where he very satisfactorily proves dogs to be philosophical animals, you will join me in applauding Mr. Reynolds for his masterly delineation of the character of a philosophical and moral mastiff. I have too high an opinion, Sir, of your reverence for the classics to imagine you will fly in the face of such formidable authority as I have adduced; and the equal reliance I have upon your judgment forbids my doubting your acquiescence to my arguments, which (as I humbly conceive) clearly prove, that a farcical comedy is perfectly legitimate; and that the more trifling a comedy is, the more it is entitled to approbation, since it approaches nearer truth and the simplicity of nature.

I shall now, Mr. Satirist, proceed to canvass your strictures on those enchanting heart-moving performances—melo-drames and pantomimes; which, as they very much assimulate, I shall consider under the same head. I assure you, Sir, I look upon our warfare with the northern nations as the greatest calamity that has yet befallen us; inasmuch, by the scarcity of wood, Great Britain is in eminent danger of being deprived of these delightful entertainments. It will, however, afford some consolation to the republic of letters and people of taste to be informed, that there is an intention of forming a joint stock company, for the sole purpose of supplying the winter theatres with deals, and encouraging literary characters to *chalk* melo-

dramas and pantomimes. * I was conversing, a few days since, with a gentleman, who is a clown at one of the theatres, on this subject; and, in the course of conversation, he animadverted very shrewdly on the contemptuous tone in which dramatic critics always speak of these after-pieces. His observations and reasoning were so just and conclusive, that I shall not scruple to bring them forward as a most admirable and satisfactory defence of those pleasing performances.

"Let the critics"—said the gentleman, *i. e.* the clown —"let the critics extol the wit and humour of comedy, but I defy them to produce a character of more genuine wit than the redoubted hero Harlequin. It is true he is dumb, but he converses with his heels, and has a great deal of *humour* in them, though they are perfectly sound. He will kick you out very smart repartees, and, as I can fully certify, his *hits* are remarkably severe. No one excels him in making puns; visible puns, I mean. While you think you are looking at a beer-barrel—smack!—it is turned into a coach and six. Then as to changes and shifts, he beats all the politicians that ever existed. No logician can escape a pressing argument so neatly; when you see him driven from point to point, so that you think it is impossible for him to escape—hey! presto! he frisks through a map of the world, and leaves his opponents gaping. Your critics made a great noise about nature: but, Sir, I maintain (and what I say is founded on an accurate knowledge of the human mind), that whatever is unnatural is astonishing, and whatever is astonishing is pleasing to behold, and whatever is pleasing

* This term *(chalk)* is technical. Theatrical people say—such an one is *composing* an opera; *collecting* a comedy; *chalking* a melo-drama or pantomime.

to behold is satisfactory to the mind, and whatever is satisfactory to the mind is rational; so that it is evident to a man of the smallest reflection, that Harlequinades being the most unnatural of dramatic performances, are consequently the most rational. But, Sir, I will not rest alone on the merit of being unnatural, which, by the bye, is not inconsiderable, since it requires genius to invent what does not exist in nature; but I will maintain, in the face of the whole world, that pantomimes, so far from being contemptible in their nature or effects, are even superior to either tragedy or comedy in touching the heart and improving the morals. The sudden revolutions in pantomimes are finely illustrative of the changes and uncertainties of life. They are beautiful allegories, carried to the heart through the medium of the eyes. As to the moral they contain, it is so peculiarly striking, that

——"no doubt,
Each one is wise enough to find it out."

Can any one fail to notice and admire the generous hospitality with which Harlequin and Columbine are received wherever they go, and which must be particularly gratifying to a British audience? It there a parent who does not feel conscious of the impropriety of old Pantaloon's conduct, in endeavouring to force the inclinations of his daughter, and from the example of his punishment go home a more rational and better father? The little tricks, and robberies, and their consequences, I believe on my conscience (though I mean no disparagement of the police), have done more good than all the public offices, and been of very essential consequence to the labouring part of the community in the galleries, more especially porters, in recommending care and vigilance, since it too often happens that the well meant inscription on the resting places in the streets, of "don't leave your goods," is

rendered null and void by the incapacity of the persons interested to put the letters together. How admirably are the follies of the reigning fashion ridiculed in the lover, and the excellent maxim "never despair," inculcated by the invariable rewards the persecuted pair meet with at last. By the eccentricities of your humble servant the rigid muscles of the misanthropist are relaxed, and his heart warmed into philanthropy when he looks round, views little innocents convulsed with pleasure, and hears the cheering horse-laugh of his fellow creatures. That heart must indeed be cold, which does not hail with delight those fond associates of his early days—the amiable and instructive Mother Goose, the ambitious daring Jack Giantkiller, and the mild affectionate Goody Twoshoes, who have so often smoothed the paths of infancy, banished every care, dissipated every tear, and reconciled us to our bread and butter."

Such, Sir, were the arguments of this gentleman; and I think they are so evident and forcible, that you cannot fail to be convinced. I shall not trespass longer on your patience, but conclude in the confidence, that the shrewdness and judgment your sheets display, will lead you to a perfect coincidence of opinion with, Mr. Satirist,

Your very humble servant,

A Templar.

A CHARACTER.

No. IX.

When Ignorance and Folly blindly stray,
Feeling no guide of Reason's heavenly ray;

When such by Ignorance, or o'er-weening pride,
From Virtue's sacred paths are lured aside;
Are made the dupes of those whose wily art
Bends to their will the unsuspecting heart;
Though Wisdom views their deeds with scornful eye,
She mingles with her scorn Compassion's sigh.

But when she views with grief a statesman's breast,
In every garb of native genius dress'd;
While Education, with parental care,
Had planted every germ of science there:
A man to nobles and to chiefs allied,
Whom Britain venerates with patriotic pride—
When such a man, by curs'd ambition's flame,
Drawn from the genuine fires of virtuous fame,
Forgets each manly purpose of his youth,
Forsakes the love of virtue and of truth,
To be of Faction's fiends the selfish friend,
And crush those interests that he should defend;
The vengeful scourge indignant Satire rears,
And frowns with angry eye, undimm'd with tears.
O G——— cease; thy bleeding country spare!
No more her mangled breast ungrateful tear.
While Europe now, moved by a despot's nod,
Shakes o'er her coasts Oppression's iron rod;
And her existence from her sons demands
United bosoms and united hands;
O be content with what thy avarice drains
Already from thy country's empty veins;
Nor grasping still at more with frantic force,
Destroy of Britain's weal and thine the source.

MISS LAURA PEARCE

AND

MASTER HORACE TWISS.

SIR,

THE Prospectus of a new work, to be entitled "THE ART OF SWINDLING," which appeared in your seventh number, was, perhaps, the most classical and elegant production of its kind ever published; and I have every reason to believe that it has tended very materially to improve the style, and elevate the language of advertisements in general: in support of my opinion, I beg leave to adduce the following exquisite literary effusion, copied *verbatim* from the *Morning Herald* of Friday, April the 29th;

"The desire of pleasing, and rivalship, lead to superior elegance in the costume. Stays *a la Diana*, *Star* of Fashion, and *Zava Poitrine*, under the immediate patronage of the Nobility and Gentry. Stays made to fit, and improve, every figure, is the most difficult subject: Mrs. and Miss Laura Pearce have *willed* IT, and it is done, at their house, only, No. 1, Lower Brooke-street, Bond-street. Mrs. Pearce's *Pregnant Stays* and Umbecilical Bandage are the chef-d'œuvre of the art. Their Stays consist of fourteen patterns, adapted to every age and size."

Surely, Sir, Mrs. and Miss Laura Pearce must have had considerable difficulty in ascertaining the precise construction of Diana's stays, for I do not recollect any statue or painting that could have afforded them even a hint. Perhaps it was the peculiar formation of her stays that enabled the Goddess to preserve her chastity inviolate: if so, I sincerely hope, that Mrs. and Miss Laura

Pearce's discovery will long continue to enjoy the universal "patronage of the Nobility and Gentry." I have not yet seen "the STAR *of Fashion*," nor do I exactly comprehend what part of the human body it is meant to decorate and improve: the *Zava Poitrine* is *delicately* described in another advertisement, as "extending and contracting *with* pleasure!!!!!"

The *pregnant* stays must be, indeed, as Mrs. P. elegantly expresses it, "a *chef-d'œuvre* of the ART;" meaning, I presume, of the "*ars procreandi*." I wish, however, that she had condescended to inform us how long her stays had been in a state of pregnancy, and when she expected they would be "ready for *delivery!*" Surely, Mr. Satirist, philosophers will no longer differ upon the subject of *equivocal generation*.

It is reported, but I cannot say with what truth, that Sir J-s-ph B-nks purchased, as he supposed, a pair of these *pregnant stays*, and requested Doctor C-mbe, a disciple of Lucina, to perform on them the *Cæsarean operation:* the *little* Doctor being himself a *great* admirer of natural (or rather *un*natural) curiosities, readily undertook the business, expecting no doubt, to bring into the world a *little pair of corsets*; but alas! great was the disappointment both of the midwife and the naturalist, for upon examination it was discovered that Sir J-s-ph had purchased, by mistake, a pair of the stays *à la Diana* aforesaid, which of course had not been *impregnated;* and Mrs. P. having been apprised of his intention, has resolved that none of her "*pregnant stays*" shall be sold for such inhuman purposes. I shall now, Sir, shew that this improved species of sublime writing is not confined to the advertisements of Mrs. and Miss Laura Pearce.

MASTER HORACE TWISS, a young gentleman, who,

for a small weekly stipend, and a free admission to the theatres, compiles dramatic puffs and abuse for the *Morning Chronicle*, i. e.

" Praises his *friends* and nobly damns the rest."

Who woos pretty actresses through the medium of the press;* and who has a principal share in the conduct (and in the profits when there are any) of the *Beau Monde*, or *London Apprentices and Shopman's Magazine*,† has boldly stepped forward as the competitor of those erudite ladies. On the wrapper of the last-mentioned publication (which, by the way, I found in a very *ignominious* situation), I read one of the most sublime and classical puffs I ever beheld, from which I have made the following extracts:

" They" the proprietor's of the aforesaid *Apprentices Magazine*) " beg to present to the attention of the public the two volumes of this *elegant* literary work, and have no doubt of *more than one opinion*" (doctor's will disagree)

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* This conduct was severely reprobated in the Satirist, No. II., p. 213; but as the young gentleman very feelingly implored a friend of his to request we would not expose him so severely, protesting that our remarks might be the means of depriving him of the scanty pittance he received from the proprietors of the Chronicle, we, from motives of humanity, desisted. We have since discovered that our mercy was extended to one who deserved it not.

† Master Twiss is also the author of some *parallel* printed lines, intended for poetry, published under the title of " *St. Stephen's Chapel*;" which contained so much filth and nonsense, that the *Antijacobin* reviewers most characteristically christened him the *Nightman* of Parnassus (vide Ant. Rev. June 1807, page 186): a name which he will probably bear with him to his grave, as he is now universally spoken of as *Mr.* Nightman *Twiss.*

"being formed, after a perusal of their *contents*," (I apprehend their *non-contents* will be most numerous) "and a general *survey* of their embellishments and EXECUTION!" (Does Master Twiss mean the *execution* of the proprietors, and are they to be *executed in all the embellishments* of full dress, like the noble Lord who insisted upon being hanged in his wedding suit?) "With such a *presumption* in view, the proprietors trust they may, *without arrogance*, pronounce the *Beau Monde*" (or *London Apprentices and Shopman's Magazine*) "a national PERIODICAL WORK!!!"

Certainly, as MASTER TWISS observes, a work which is published *periodically*, may, *without arrogance*, be pronounced a PERIODICAL WORK; and I confess that this climax is more sublime than any thing that has been written by his fair antagonist, MRS. and MISS LAURA PEARCE. Pity it is that such a splendid work should only be perused by journeymen, apprentices, and shopmen, when, if its circulation were extended, it might be of infinite service to master taylors, professed chimney-sweepers, and regular barbers, whose pipes it would most conveniently illuminate, if not their understandings. As a professed and equal admirer of the talents of Miss Laura Pearce and Master HORACE TWISS, it would give me considerable pleasure to see them happily united; and if the young gentleman had "less of the monkey and more of the man," in his countenance and manners, probably this desirable event might be accomplished without difficulty: at any rate I advise him to make the attempt; for he would, if successful, not only become sole proprietor of the stays *à la Diana*, Star of Fashion, Zava Poitrine, *Pregnant* Stays, and Umbecilical Bandage, but by a union of such splendid literary abilities, the classic elegance of the *Beau Monde*, or LONDON APPRENTICES and SHOPMAN'S MA-

GAZINE, might be very materially improved, and its circulation proportionably increased.*

I am, Sir, &c. &c.

May 3, 1808. Y. Z.

THE CANTAB.

No. III.

THE undergraduates of Cambridge may be divided into the studious, the idle, and the profligate. The first of these classes consists principally of men who come to college with an expectation of a fellowship, or some other university emolument; the second is formed of those who dislike mathematical studies, without having fortune or inclination to join in the pursuits of expensive pleasures; and the third, which is by far the most numerous of the three, is composed of those who have neither the sense to spend their money with propriety, nor the prudence to keep it. These gentlemen have little to fear of the Master, or respect for the regulations of the college. Their time is spent in the most open violation of every statute of the university; and though the tutor may sometimes feel inclined to restrain or admonish them, he is generally too well

* We sincerely hope that Master *Nightman* Horace Twiss will attend our friend Y. Z.'s advice, for we really think that his talents are admirably adapted to the manufacturing of *pregnant stays* and *umbecilical bandages*. It will, however, be most advisable either to make love by proxy, or through the medium of "*The London Apprentices and Shopman's Magazine*," otherwise his unseemly countenance might not only prove an insuperable bar to the completion of his wishes, but might even frighten some of Mrs. Pearce's *pregnant stays* into a—*fausse couche*.

acquainted with the *value* of such pupils to express his disapprobation very frequently.

In every part of the university discipline, the partiality of its favours, and its punishments, is too visible not to excite some inquiry into the secrets of the combination-room; and when it is remembered that the fellow-commoners drink wine with the fellows, that the fellows visit the fellow-commoners, that the fellow-commoners associate with those pensioners who can afford to join them in their extravagance, &c. &c. &c. it is not surprising that the tutors should sometimes "grin horribly a ghastly smile" of forgiveness, rather than resentment, at the offences of the college favourites. It is certain, at least, that many crimes are committed with impunity by the knowing-ones, for which a sober pensioner or sizar would be expelled.

The time of the reading men is usually employed in fagging at Newton, Vince, &c.; that of the idle in doing nothing; and that of the profligate in drinking, wh——g, betting, &c. &c. But that the reader may conceive a more correct idea of these gentry, than can possibly be gathered from description, we shall present them with the following exquisite example of elegant composition. It is, we believe, a great curiosity of its kind; and is, as our readers will perceive, equally remarkable for delicacy of expression, and purity of thought.

A STUDENT'S MEMORANDUM-BOOK,

Carefully copied from the Original, in the Possession of Sir G—— W——.

Monday.—Rose at 12. D——'d head-ache. Afraid that I'm in for't. Sent for Okes.* Told me nothing *ales*

* A surgeon famous for his attendance on patients troubled with a *Cambridge* fever.

me but drinking. 1 o'clock. Took a ride. Met Hell Fire Dick,* and A——t. Leap'd my horse over a *edge* for 50 guineas: broke his knees: pay Barron for doctoring him. Took Hell Fire Dick and A——t to dine with with me. Got jolly. H-llishly cut. Went to chapel; *catted* abominably. Talked to by the Dean; a muzzy old quiz. Sported knowing. Went with A——t for a frolic. Met Sukey R—ves, and going to take her into my rooms, but *coat* by the Proctor. *'d* like to've got into a h-ll of a scrape. Had a run for it to Frank Smith's. Kick'd up a devil of a row. Knock'd down half a dozen townsmen; had my d—n—bles spoiled by the *bargees*.† Broke lamps, cut bells, wrench'd rappers, *scal'd* walls, and *tumbled* into bed about 3 o'clock.

Tuesday.—Sent for by old C——n, about coming in at gates. *Sported* modest; quizzed the old boy. Returned to rooms, and found Ticks.‡ Sadler for whips, Sparrow for hacks, dogs, &c. &c. ———, &c. &c. and a letter from Fanny W-lls, wishing me to pay her for my last six *interviews*. Had no money, so sent the b'—— a dozen of wine and a broach, but devilishly puzzled about the other, so at last sat down, and wrote as follows:

Dear Guardian,

If it be so that you think me extravagant, why I can only say my money is in a good way I don't *by* any thing but the tutor knows it is proper for me to have the *werewith* to be in a genteel way; at any rate, without money, you know, I can't live, as, with all your kindness, every body I am acquainted with, and who has the

* Driver of the Telegraph; a great favourite of the knowing ones.

† Bargemen.

‡ Bills.

same way of a good fortune should, and I do so in hopes of hearing from you, & a bill.

I am your affecshonate ward,

G. W——.

3 o'clock. Took a trip to Newmarket. Lost 20 guineas on Sir David. Returned in the hells.* Met B-lm-n. Pretty little thing; so to bring back my spirits took a trip to Balsham with her. Met H——s on the road. Gave him the cut direct; devilishly vext, but laugh'd, and sung, "*Why what's that to you if sweet Bulman I'm taking, a —— is a pleasure, d'ye see, in its way*," &c. &c. Believe the old Don took the hint. Overtook E——ne in a tandem. Rac'd it for ten guineas, and lost. Devilishly laughed at, but put a good countenance on, and kept it up till three o'clock.

Wednesday.—Came into college. Took out an *ægrotat*,† but thought I might venture to Sharpley's.‡ Met the Dean on the road, who gave me an imposition out of some stuff or other called the Rambler. Sent it to *Map's*. Call'd at Deighton's, and read the Winter in Dublin: damn'd good; devilish clever; my poor —— cut up in it tho'. Went to have a game at billiards at the house in the fields. Overtook a pretty girl on the road, said some pretty things to her, and got her to engage to be at Simeon's to-morrow. 3 o'clock. Hall. Played at rowls.§ Got d——d cut. Chapel. Siz'd with E——ne, of Trinity. D——d jolly. Devilish funny caricatures. Cursedly

* In the dismals, or (sometimes) in a *scrape*.

† Those who take an *ægrotat* are, or ought to be, prohibited from walking in the streets.

‡ A jeweller.

§ Rowls are played by trundling the pewter plates that you have used at dinner at an object on the floor.

merry. Toasts; "*Beer, Port, and Sherry, or the Opposition*, &c. &c. Mem. Pl——y, the Gerenium, &c. After supper Lord B——n favoured us with the following d——d clever thing.

Lord B——n to his Bear. To the Tune of* "Lo chin y gair."

I.

Sad Bruin, no longer in woods thou art dancing,
With all the enjoyments that Love can afford;
No longer thy consorts around thee are prancing,
Far other thy fate—thou art slave to a Lord!

II.

How oft when fatigued, on my sopha reposing,
Thy tricks and thy pranks rob of anguish my breast;
Have power to arouse me, to keep me from dosing,
Or what's the same thing, they can lull me to rest.

III.

But when with the ardours of Love I am burning,
I feel for thy torments, I feel for thy care;
And weep for thy bondage, so truly discerning,
What's felt by a LORD *may be felt by a* BEAR!

H-llish flaming! Got Sophy C-tt-n into my rooms; made her drunk, and went to bed.

Thursday.—Confounded head-ache. Devilish queer. Sent for Okes: tells me to keep in rooms. Horribly in the hells. Sent to Sharp's for night-gown, drawers, &c. Blazing *ig-niculum*. Had some water-gruel, and resolved to reform. 8 o'clock. Remembered my appointment at Simeon's,† and thought just to speak with the girl, so *rapp'd* myself up, and went. Look'd devil-

* This bear, which is kept in one of his rooms at Trinity, is a great favourite of his Lordship's; and, if report says true, he has been seen to hug it with all the warmth of *fraternal* affection!

† Simeon's meeting is equally famous for enthusiasm and profaneness. It will perhaps come under the further notice of the Cantab.

ish pretty. Pitied the poor girl being ill, but could not help it, so brought her into college.

Friday.—Worse and worse. Sent to Dean for *ægrotat*, but refused.

Saturday.—Drove for health's sake, four in hand, to Royston. Sported new box coat. Betted 10*l.* on beating Mort-lock's carriage, and overset the coach. Hell of a scrape; d——y *maul'd*. Tipp'd the wink to Dick, who took the blame upon himself. Returned, and took a trip to Chesterton. P. and Sukey R—ves got into a boat to come back by water, Sail'd like *an angel*; but just getting out, hoity-toity went the boat, and dash goes I and Suke into the river. Carried to the ———, where Sukey and I were put to bed together.

Sunday.—Ten o'clock. Came into college. Cursed head-ache, Almost in the hells. Eleven o'clock. Took sacrament. Resolved to live soberly, so took a game at backgammon. Went into combination-room after dinner. Had a dispute with Parson B. about Copenhagen. Argued cleverly. Pos'd the old Don, who has no ver, Devilish ill. Went to bed at eight. Dreamt of the poor girl, ticks, tutors, impositions, &c. Awoke in the dismals.

L.

STIPENDIARY CURATES' BILL.

MR. SATIRIST,

THERE is the d***l to pay at S—— College, L——n W—ll. All the "old fellows" have met and muttered, and *hemm'd* and *ha'd*, and looked graver than usual, at this (forsooth) "HIGHLY OBJECTIONABLE! UNCONSTITUTIONAL!! and OPPRESSIVE BILL!!!" [mercy on us!] now depending in Parliament, entituled *A Bill for making*

more effectual provision for the maintenance of Stipendiary Curates in England, &c. "Highly objectionable!" Flesh and blood! and so it is! and *eke* "oppressive!" Their reverences are perfectly right. (How should *orthodox* men be otherwise?) Sir, I maintain, in behalf of the beneficed clergy [I am not one of *the cloth*], that the said bill is *confoundedly cruel*. Only think what an alteration must it make in the rosy gills of a good *port*-ly dignitary to have his bottle *per* day stinted to a pint—a pitiful pint! *Think o' that, Master* Satirist. And this to fatten the ribs of a half-famished drudge, 'clept a *Curate*; an order of men who, ever since our glorious reformation from popery, have been set apart for *practising*, as well as preaching, *mortification and self-denial*. I say, Sir, it is "cruel:" when heretofore

> "*two* puddings smok'd upon the board!"

to see now but *one* (for retrenchments have already commenced), and that one "bringing forth not much *fruit!*" Here is a revolution! O Mr. *Perceive-all!* you have no respect to *parsons*;* you pay no regard to those exalted characters in the ecclesiastical function whose *noses* do shew forth the *fruits* of good *living!*" Yes, Sir, good living—not to be *found fault* with (hitherto!). There are no men who, *without vanity*, may boast of *better* living. But if this "highly objectionable, unconstitutional, and oppressive bill" be suffered to pass, lack-a-day! how they will *degenerate!!!*

The following, Mr. Satirist, is a correct copy of the first resolution, carried—with a unanimous *groan*, and a universal shake of the *wig*—at the meeting on the 3d of May.

* "A PARSON, *persona* ecclesiæ, is one that hath full possession of all the rights of a parochial church. . . . . The *rector*, or governor, of the church."—Sir W. Blackstone, vid. *Com.* v. i. p. 384.

"Resolved, that the professed object of the bill being to provide a DUE maintenance for *curates*" [This is scandalous! "A DUE maintenance" for such *varlets!**], throws by implication an aspersion on the *beneficed* clergy of England" [*poor* men!] "as being in general unwilling, without the compulsion of law, to allow to their SUBSTITUTES" ["*Substitutes!!*" an allusion, I suppose, to the "church *militant!*"] "that which is *just* and *equal*." Now, as a specimen of the *liberality* of the beneficed clergy of London, I beg briefly to state, that one of the oldest of them, who holds *two* livings (*only*), and is possessed of very considerable private property, being incapacitated from taking any part of church-duty, allows his "SUBSTITUTE," or *curate*, the sum of FORTY-FIVE pounds *per ann.* to be paid quarterly!! *Forty-five*, Mr. Satirist, you will say, is an *odd* number. Would you have it *fifty*, Sir? I maintain, that, *in times like the present*, this is, as their reverences express it, "just and equal." *Oh how prettily and* TEMPERATELY *may half a score children be maintained with* FIVE-AND-FORTY POUNDS *a year!!*† I could further enlarge on this subject, but I fear I should trespass on your indulgence. So no more at present from your friend,

May 12. LAICUS.

* "Such *varlets.*"]—The *inferior* clergy" of the establishment have been truly designated "*the most distressed* and *deserted* body of men on the face of the earth!!"

† Eachard's *Grounds and Occasions of the Clergy,** 11th ed. p. 77. The worthy Doctor for *forty-five* states *in loc.* "*almost twenty* pounds *per annum!!*"

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* This edition bears date 1705. We greatly desiderate a *new* edition, with additions, suited to the present times, of this incomparable *satire.*

Ridiculum acri
Fortius et melius magnas plerumque secat res.

PUBLIC MONUMENTS, OR CLERICAL SHOWMEN.

At such a period as the present, when our very existence as a nation depends upon the exertions of our single strength, surely no means ought to be neglected of inciting the rising youth to imitate the great example of those patriots who have fallen in defence of their country. Every hero's grave should be surrounded with glory; and like that of the phœnix, give birth to a successor. To do this is the noble province of sculpture; and many sumptuous monuments attest, not only the public gratitude, but a dawning taste for the fine arts.

Among our enemies it is considered an indelible disgrace for a private man, who has any fine works of art, to keep them shut up in his house: while in England, the favourite seat of liberty, and her only refuge in Europe, the public are not allowed to see those monuments which they have raised to their benefactors, and are deprived of the pleasure and improvement, which might thus be afforded them, by that odious spirit of monopoly which lays its gripe on every one of the few works which we possess, and converts them into private property. No sooner was Mr. Flaxman's celebrated monument to Earl Mansfield erected in Westminster Abbey, than the part which contained it was inclosed, and no person permitted to view it without paying a shilling.

Goldsmith, with his usual pleasantry, has touched on the same disgraceful circumstances, in "the Citizen of the World." After describing the portion of the Abbey that is open to the public, he adds: 'Leaving this part of the temple, we made up to an iron gate, through which my companion told me we were to pass, in order to see the monuments of the kings. Accordingly I marched up without further ceremony, and was going to enter, when

a person, who held the gate in his hand, told me I must pay first. I was surprised at such a demand; and asked the man whether the people of England kept a show? Whether the paltry sum he demanded was not a national reproach? Whether it was not more to the honour of the country, to let their magnificence, or their antiquities, be openly seen, than thus meanly to tax a curiosity which tended to their own honour? "As for your questions," replied the gatekeeper, "to be sure, they may be very right, because I don't understand them; but as for that three pence, I farm it, from one who rents it from another, who hires it from a third, who leases it from the guardians of the temple; and we all must live."

Having viewed the other curiosities,—"This armour," said his conductor, "belonged to General Monk." "Very surprising that a general should wear armour!" "And pray," added he, "observe this cap; this is General Monk's cap." "Very strange, indeed, very strange, that a general should have a cap also! Pray, friend, what might this cap have cost originally?" "That, Sir," says he, "I don't know; but this cap is all the wages I have for my trouble." "A very small recompence truly," cried I. "Not so very small," replied he; "for every gentleman puts some money into it, and I spend the money." "What, more money! still more money!"—"Every gentleman gives something, Sir." "I'll give thee nothing," returned I; "the guardians of the temple should pay you your wages, friend, and not permit you to squeeze thus from every spectator. When we pay our money at the door to see a show, we never give more as we are going out. Surely the guardians of the temple can never think they get enough. Shew me the gate; if I stay longer, I may probably meet with more of these ecclesiastical beggars."

On Sunday the body of St. Paul's Cathedral, where the

monuments stand, is railed in ;* and, as soon as service is over, the people are set upon by door-keepers, &c. and driven out with long staves, as we have seen the devil, in a frontispiece to a book of martyrs, pokering the pope and cardinals into hell.†

This is bad enough in all cases ; but what shall we think of the gratitude of that nation, where, after monuments are raised to the heroes who have fought and died for their country, a sight of them is *sold*, even to the men who enabled those heroes to conquer? What a reward awaits the brave! Their bodies shall be given, not to the surgeons, but to the parsons ; and they will shew them to the world, as Nelson was shewn, for sixpence a head. This is as stupid as it is mean ; for monuments are not of use to the dead, but to the living. I shall never forget the indignation expressed on this account by a sailor, that had

* The pretext for railing off the monuments is, that people pay more attention to them than the sermon; but this can be no reason why they should not be seen after service is over. It is also urged that the English, at large, are such barbarians in art, that if they were admitted to view the monuments they have raised, they would break them to pieces, of which proofs sufficiently disgraceful exist in Westminster Abbey. It is therefore, we suppose, necessary that our spiritual fathers should keep them for us, as kind mammas do their children's playthings.

This disposition may render precaution at first necessary; but the public are becoming more enlightened, and will respect works of art when they shall come to understand them. It is not by shutting them up, and keeping the people in ignorance, that their tastes are to be improved.

† The writer suggests to these gentlemen the more effectual way of guarding their property, by putting cases on the monuments; for then it would be impossible for the curious to steal a view with a pocket-telescope, which, at moments when the officers are off their guard, may now be done. At the same time he begs leave to inquire, whether clergymen, who cannot lawfully sell a single potatoe, can lawfully follow the trade of showmen?

brought his son (who was going to sea), to witness the rewards bestowed by his country on the commander under whom he himself had served.

What is so attractive to the imagination, as the memorial raised to a great man by his admiring country? Generous applause is the true stimulus of noble minds, the inspirer of that heroic enthusiasm, which, enamoured of danger, and proudly annihilating all selfish considerations, has no eyes, no ears, no apprehensions, but for glory.

> " Desire of praise first broke the patriot's rest,
> And made a bulwark of the warrior's breast."

Monuments are the appropriate rewards of virtue, the cheap defence of nations.

The public are frustrated in these great ends; the artist toils, the patriot bleeds, in vain. They are defrauded of their rewards by the mercenary conduct of those who are paid for preaching virtue; and those monuments, which would speak far more eloquently than they to the hearts and eyes of their beholders, are thus themselves entombed.

It is earnestly hoped that parliament will interfere, as it did in the case of the British Museum, to put a stop to so shameful an imposition. D.

A SERIOUS EPISTLE FROM PAUL IN THE SHADES, TO HIS BETRAYER IN LONDON.

From Pluto's gloomy realms, a restless shade,
(His wound still fest'ring from the murd'rous blade,)
Inscribes this lay to thee, perfidious friend,
And wrings thy soul, but only wrings to mend.

Curs'd be the day which gave that monster birth,
That pride of hell, that infamy of earth;

Whose blasting influence, and dæmon art,
Corrupted first thine unsuspecting heart!
Whose tongue, more fatal than the serpent's sting,
Taught thee to scorn thy GOD, and curse thy King!

Oh! had he perish'd in his mother's womb,
Or sickness snatch'd him to an early tomb;
Thou had'st not, p'rhaps, a trusting friend betray'd,
Nor I, self-doom'd, have been a suff'ring shade.
Say, can thy midnight couch afford thee rest?
Do no fierce pangs invade thy guilty breast?
Dost thou in dreams still hear my funeral knell—
Think *who* inflam'd my brain, and *how* I fell?
And dost thou not, in fancied anguish feel
Deep in *thy* throat the self-destroying steel?

'Twas thou—ah! no—'twas he, whose fell controul
Warp'd all thy virtues, and defil'd thy soul;
Seduc'd me first to tempt Sedition's sea:
I launch'd my bark, and brav'd the flood with thee,—
Dire roll'd the waves—fierce gales of faction blew—
But thou wert pilot—and I thought thee true.
Long time we toss'd, the angry surges' sport;
At length I cried—"Behold our destin'd port!"
No friendly smile illum'd your gloomy brow,
As tow'rds the shore you veer'd our shatter'd prow;
But with a fiend-like frown, perfidious man!
You thus develop'd your nefarious plan:
"Mistaken wretch!—resign your lab'ring oar,
I now, *without your aid*, can reach the shore."
Thus having said, impetuous from my side
You rush'd, and plung'd into the roaring tide;
A practis'd swimmer in those stormy seas,
You cleft the waves, and gain'd the land with ease;
But I, alas! unskill'd, endur'd the shocks
Of adverse winds, and Scorn's relentless rocks;

Till wreck'd, at last, upon a barb'rous coast,
Fame, wealth, and honour—all but life, were lost.
Abandon'd, hopeless, pennyless, despis'd,
What could I do!—No friendly voice advis'd,
No parents' words my rash resolves controul'd;
No brother sympathis'd, no wife consol'd;
Wild with despair, I seiz'd the fatal knife,
And rais'd a murd'rous hand against my life:
From earthly woes, and earthly pangs I fled,
But hell has double tortures for the dead
Who self-devoted fall—nor less for those
Who live THEIR MONARCH'S, AND THEIR COUNTRY'S foes.
Tortures like these, ere long, may thee befal,
Mark what I write—adieu—remember PAULL.

M.

THE CRYING SIN OF SUNDAY NEWSPAPERS.

MR. SATIRIST,

IT is with serious concern and grief of spirit that I perceive, notwithstanding the hopes that I had been led to indulge from the war which you have denounced against Vice and Folly, and which hitherto you have prosecuted with such ability and success, that you seem to have passed by one of the strong holds of the enemy, and have suffered others to reap laurels that justly should have been yours. I am at a loss to conceive by what strange oversight you should have neglected to attack that most potent battery of iniquity, *Sunday Newspapers*; yielding, by such neglect, the honour of the first assault to those pious crusaders, who have poured forth against it all the thunders of the *Evangelical Magazine*; and though success has not attended their enterprise, still the attempt

has evinced their *spirit*. Whether, indeed, it was from any weakness in their ammunition, or from want of skill to point their artillery aright, it is certain, that so far from having effected the demolition of this powerful battery of sin, they have not even silenced a single gun: those horrid engines of the devil, *Sunday Newspapers*, still pour forth, at will, and uncontroled, on all who come within their destructive range. You may still, therefore, atone for your remissness; and though you cannot have the credit of commencing the attack, you may still acquire the more distinguished renown of effectually ending it. The better to enable you to accomplish this desirable end, I will put into your hands the same weapons which have been already employed in this service, and which I shall borrow from the *Evangelical Magazine;* but I will charge them with a composition containing a larger proportion of *salt*, and less of *brimstone;* and, when directed by so able an engineer as you, I have no doubt of their producing the desired effect.

The subject, indeed, demands the serious attention of the public. It has been justly observed,* that "of all the evils against which we should provide, there is none which demands a greater portion of our zealous opposition than the baneful, but increasihg, enormity of *Sunday Newspapers*." The effects produced by those vices, which are commonly esteemed to be gross and abominable, are nothing to the inevitable consequences of this. The thief takes that which is not his own; but nine times in ten he takes from those who have no better title to what he takes than himself. The drunkard and the glutton find their punishment in their very pleasures; and the consequences of their vices seldom extend to any but themselves, or their immediate connections. The adulterer is rather to

* Evangelical Magazine for 1808, p. 204.

be praised, perhaps, than blamed, since his exertions have a very considerable tendency to remove vulgar prejudices, and to open the eyes of man to the fickleness of woman. I shall not mention hypocrisy, lying, or ingratitude, it having been very satisfactorily shewn that a great mistake has been made in supposing them to be vices, when it is notorious that they are the springs by which the best people, the *elect* of our time, regulate all their actions; and the world could not exist in its present state without them. As for murder and treason, they are scarce worth taking into consideration; their nature is very ill understood: circumstances may render them either blameable or praiseworthy; thus when Moses secretly slew the Egyptian, though the act was bloody, it was nevertheless just and virtuous; and when Ehud * carried some presents to Eglon, the King of Moab, and, under pretence of having a private message to deliver to him, obtained an interview alone with him in his summer-parlour, and there stabbed him; he was no traitor, but a glorious patriot. In short, it is the intent and effect of any act which constitute it either good or bad; what is vice in appearance may be virtue in reality. But *Sunday Newspapers* are intrinsically sinful, criminal in design, and destructive in operation: a vice of unmixed enormity, which no circumstance can palliate or qualify. Other crimes, for the most part, only immediately affect our temporal interests, or bodily health; but *Sunday Newspapers*, like the subtlest venom, infect the general mass, poisoning the life-blood of the soul.

"Whether the immorality of ancient or modern times be greater, it is not necessary to inquire; but this is beyond all controversy certain, that no period of our religious history, since the Reformation, can shew an instrument so

* Judges, chap. iii.

palpably insulting to the commandment of GOD, so diametrically opposite to the laws of the land, and so injurious to the interests of piety and religion, as the *Sunday Newspaper.*" * The works of Rochester and of Cleland; of Little, Moore, and Monk Lewis; of Diderot, Crebillon, and Voltaire; of Rousseau, Hume, Gibbon, Horn Tooke, and Tom Paine, are innocent and godly compared with this. "This is an invention, the whole praise of which is due to this age of innovation! and if not speedily and effectually checked, will produce effects more mischievous and fatal to the great cause of devotion and godliness" † than even that horrible and profane practice, which the pious beheld with such indignation, and have now nearly *suppressed*, of *shaving on the Sabbath!*"

That the careless and the corrupt, the deist and the libertine, that "*Satan's men of rank*, ‡ infidel reviewers, and their marshalled hosts, Socinian barristers, East Indian demagogues, and heathenized christians,"—that they should seek to repose in the lassitude and irksomeness of their Sunday hours, upon this couch of vice, prepared for them by the devil, and so well suited to the vanity of their minds, and the depravity of their hearts, is no matter of astonishment: but that amongst the abettors of such a traffic should be found *serious* persons, men of reputed virtue and discretion, whose minds have been alarmed at the progress of infidelity, and who have seen with sorrow the giant strides of irreligion and profaneness, is a mystery which can only be accounted for upon the supposition of their not having sufficiently attended to the nature of the fact, nor conjectured the mighty mischiefs which it portends to society; and this supposition is the more reasonable, as this destructive poison, from its

* See Evangelical Magazine for 1808, p. 204.

† Ibid. Ibid.

‡ Ibid. p. 207.

subtlety and *imperceptibility*, might easily escape their notice, as did till lately the impious and unnatural custom into which the lower classes had fallen, of eating Sunday dinners: an enormity which you, Mr. Satirist, have very justly reprobated. *

"Persons of this serious description, however, would do well to consider what numbers of poor sinful souls are involved in this enterprise of unlawful and unsanctified commerce: how many must be confined to the labours of the press," † printing and working off, all the Sabbath long, those diabolical papers, which are delivered most of them on *the preceding night!* Compositors, pressmen, and poor little graceless devils blackened and begrimed with ink: a striking emblem of the black wickedness of their occupation, which Satan himself superintends! Then how many naughty newsmen are employed in carrying them from house to house, blowing the horn of sinfulness before them! How many are decoyed into the purchase of the baneful, the damnable commodity! Many, very many, of the venders and readers were once to be found upon the Sabbath in lovely communion with the *elect*, seeking grace by faith; and would have regarded with abhorrence a word, a thought, a motion of the lips, or a glance of the eye, that was not serious and evangelical. The first have become backsliders, and have sacrificed their conscience for the sake of unholy lucre: to the last the perusal of these carnal papers stands in the stead of a pious discourse, or a portion of the Word. Those, therefore, who have fallen into this snare, are conjured to consider how many engines are kept at work in order to afford them this gratification; and in how com-

* See "*The Loiterer*," SATIRIST, No. VII.

† Evangelical Magazine, p. 205.

plicate and horrible a scheme of wickedness and abomination they are concerned.

"It is true the nauseous pill was gilded over"* at first, to allure the eye of the people, who are always ready to swallow gold in any shape in which it is presented: but the *assafœtida* was beneath this precious outside. The gilding, however, was not long continued; it was found that people's stomachs were not so squeamish upon affairs of this sort as had at first been imagined. Bills of the theatre, therefore, the devil's paradise, soon took place of the religious preludes, which used to be inserted at the head of their columns, and artful modesty was succeeded by open and flagitious effrontery.

"The number of these engines of the wicked one have grown of late with most pestilential luxuriance. Every sort of tenderness about printing, vending, hawking, buying, and reading them, has utterly disappeared. Old men and women wear out the last remnant of their sight in poring over their profane pages; and babes, before they have learned the use of speech, are taught to amuse themselves with their poisonous contents!! No pious person can behold without grief of spirit those notices of *Sunday Newspapers* on sale, which are hung out on the Lord's day through the streets of the metropolis; nor beholding it can forget, that while we have to thank our pious forefathers for *shutting up the shops* on that day; for the shameless bills of sale with which they are now garnished, we have only to thank ourselves and the billstickers.

"Awake, then, ye elect, and be admonished of this tremendous danger. In shutting up on the Sabbath the profane mouths of the poor, and barbers' shops, you have done well. Accomplish the pious work. By this last sa-

* Evangelical Magazine, p. 205.

crifice prove your *evangelical spirit*, and offer up all *Sunday Newspapers* upon the altar of your *faith*: save and except "THE INSTRUCTOR,* price 6*d*. which will be regularly supplied by pious reflections, suitable comments to improve the dispensations of Providence, will contain the latest news, together with the most recent religious occurrences: the whole conducted with an eye to our spiritual as well as temporal welfare."

May 12, 1808. PRAISE-GOD-BARE-BONES.

JOHNSON IN THE SHADES!
OR
MORE MEMORABILIA FROM BOZZY!!

MR. SATIRIST,

WHEN at Oxford, I was acquainted with a young fellow of some talent, and very harmless disposition, but who had the misfortune to be passionately fond of the Greek philosophers. After leaving the university, we lost sight of one another for several years; till, about a fortnight ago, happening to stroll into the Grecian coffee-house, I recognized my old friend, in a remote corner of the room, with a quarto volume in his hand, which appeared to engross his whole attention. I approached, tapped him on the shoulder, and asked, "Was there any news from Brazen Nose?" After all the ceremonies of recognition were over, I took up the book which he had been reading, and which turned out to be Mr. Taylor's Proclus. "Strange," said I, "that the cultivation of the human understanding should, in so many instances, produce nothing but error, and perversion." "What, then," said my friend smiling, "do you not believe the divine truths conveyed in that book?" I stared without making any reply, and my friend continued. "To you,

* See Evangelical Mag. September, 1807, Advertisement

who had always a contempt for Plato, these doctrines may appear visionary; but I have had ocular demonstration of their truth." "Ocular demonstration!" I exclaimed, while my eyes opened wide to receive this beam of wonder and instruction. My old fellow student now lowered his voice, drew near to me, and taking me by the button—"Timothy," said he, "Timothy, I have been in Elysium." Knowing him to have been always of the most innocent manners, I quickly dismissed all apprehensions, and, in as serious a tone as I could assume, I requested him to relate some of the most remarkable things he had seen there. He now began to pour out lines from the sixth Æneid, with the utmost rapidity and exuberance: "Largior hic campus, &c. &c. &c. &c. "But," said I, "are no moderns, except those of Mr. Taylor's school, admitted to the *vireta fortunatorum?*" "Yes; they are there employed in the same offices which formed their delight during life. I have seen Fox planning wild visionary embassies to Russia; and Pitt weighing the interests of nations, and meditating the happiness of mankind: Stephens still hugs a tattered quarto, and disdains to consult Shakspeare himself, who is indeed too much occupied with Homer and Sophocles to attend to him. Johnson drinks his four and twenty cups of Elysian tea, while Boswell collects the conversation crumbs, and has already completed five books of Memorabilia." "Did you obtain a sight of the manuscript?" I ardently exclaimed, "Sir Richard Phillips would give you two thousand guineas for thirty-one pages." "Alas!" continued the poor Oxonian, "I was able to copy but a few lines: they were the very last; and here they are for you." The clock striking four, I hurried to commons at the Middle Temple; but the moment I reached my chambers in the evening, I took this curious production from my pocket, and have transcribed it for the amusement of your numerous readers.

May 10th.—This day I was very anxious to see Dr. Johnson, to hear his opinion on the strange account which the new comer had given us of the late adm-n-st-n. I repaired to the Doctor's bower as early in the afternoon as Mrs. Boswell, who will always retain her unaccountable aversion for the Doctor, would permit me. On entering I saw the stranger supporting Johnson, who was almost in hysterics with laughter. At length the sage recovered himself; and the following was, as nearly as I can recollect (and constant practice has assisted me in these cases), the conversation which passed.

Johnson (to the stranger).—"Sir, the risibility excited by your terrene communications has convulsed all Elysium. Bozzy, whose pertinacity still haunts me even in the shades, insidiously insinuates that you have approximated to falsehood; but the miracles of Truth are always victorious over the visions of Fancy, and the coloured clouds of imagination become dissipated and evanescent before the awful blaze of reality."

Boswell.—"Oh, Doctor, you have represented me as totally deficient in politeness; I merely intended to remark, that the gentleman might have been deceived. I can hardly imagine so much levity, dulness, and error, combined with 'All the weight, talent, and respectability of the country.'"

Johnson. "Let us not presume, Sir, to set bounds to the waywardness of Whiggism, or descend to the minuteness of a scale that may measure the sterility of Scotland."

Boswell.—"But do you not admire the infant Demosthenes, Lord H—— P—y?"

Johnson.—"Sir, I have ever been sceptical on the precocity of talent; but since you came from Scotland I have never had any doubts upon the prematurity of folly."

I confess I was a little stunned by this speech: at length I sufficiently recovered myself to observe, "that

an acute mind might discover some connection between the meanders of a ball, and 'the mighty maze, but not without a plan.'"

Johnson.—"No, Sir. A statesman's dance is the dance of death."

Here it suddenly struck me, that I had never ascertained whether the Rambler had learned to dance; and desirous to draw the truth from him, I prolonged the conversation upon the Ex-Ch——r of the Exchequer: however I could obtain nothing from him but the following observation. "Sir your description of this vivacious orator recals to my remembrance an important period of terrestrial existence; a period solaced by the soothings of a well concocted friendship, enriched by the treasures of cænacular enjoyment."

Boswell.—"What circumstance, Doctor, do you particularly allude to? I shall be miserable, indeed, if I have omitted in my *Memorabilia* any remarkable anecdote of your life."

Johnson.—"Bozzy, of the fact you have given a narration, unbiassed by your national prejudices, or your constitutional vanity. Almost *depeditated* by the amicable contest with Thrale, in which we overleaped a Roman sellula, I was prepared to sympathise in the pleasures of a choral recreation."

Boswell.—"You approve then, Doctor, of this method of *rising* to eminence. Now, indeed, his Lordship may exclaim, as he springs from earth, *Sublimi feriam sidera vertice!*"

Johnson.—"Sir, this mirth is indecorous. I cherish the minute amiabilities of life, the light tints that illustrate the obscure picture of humanity; the transient radiance of a cheerfulness not devoid of innocence; but far from the pages of the Rambler be any timid palliation of misplaced levity: indolence emanating from pride, insensibi-

lity resulting from ignorance, and loquacity devious in error or halting in inanity."

Here I grew extremely uneasy, for Doctor Johnson had every appearance of the most violent anger. Stretching out his shadowy arms to grasp the image of his oaken stick, he upset, with his huge airy limbs the *umbra* of a chair, and rumpled a visionary carpet. For the purpose of turning the conversation, I requested him to take a fourteenth cup of tea; but unable to restrain my desire of eliciting the great Lexicographer's sentiments, I observed, that the "Talents" seemed desirous of supporting the regular army. "You mean, Sir," said the sage, with extreme violence, "that they have calumniated the uncompelled, unpensioned energies of my countrymen." "But you will recollect, Sir," said I, "that they must be, in some degree, deficient in discipline."

Johnson.—"Aye, Sir! but they do not want Mr. W-ndh-m for a drill serjeant; they will discipline themselves. Where I on earth, and the French in Fleet-street, I would change my brown coat and yellow metal buttons, for a volunteer uniform; and if Mr. W-ndh-m oppugned my fortitude, or manacled my courage, I would fell him with a folio."

Boswell.—"Lord T-mple could supply you with weapons."

Johnson (with returning good humour),—"Aye, Sir, I am not unaccustomed to a *paper* war."

Endeavouring to augment his vivacity, I laughed very heartily, and observed, "that in the general anxiety for a *levy en masse*, Lord E-sk-ne had proposed a *female* conscription."

Johnson.—"Aye, Sir, he is a good representative of the sex: possessing all the vanity of female juvenescence, and all the garrulity of matron anility."

As Doctor Johnson had frequently reproved me for ego-

tism, I was sorry that I had turned his attention to Lord Ersk-ne's character, and hurrying him away from the subject I told him (though it was a slight deviation from truth), "that Sh-rid-n was writing a new comedy, with a plot nearly the same with that of the *New Way to pay old Debts*."

Johnson.—"Sir, you lie; and you know you lie: but of Sherry no more—*de mortuis nil nisi bonum;* and you know that he has drunk the waters of Lethe."

"Certainly not the *waters*," said I.——

Here ends the manuscript of my Platonic friend; but as he intends to make another descent shortly, I shall probably possess the whole of Mr. Boswell's posthumous work

TIMOTHY AVERNUS.

NOTORIOUS FASHIONABLE CHARACTERS.

No. II.

"Monstrum nulla virtute redemptum."

In pursuing this department of our duty, we shall only select such objects as are totally lost to every sense of decency and shame: for where there is the smallest probability of the criminal's repentance and amendment, it would de cruel and unjust to gibbet him as an example to posterity

"With all his imperfection on his head."

Perhaps there exists not in the world of fashion a more infamous, or more dangerous, character than that which we are about to delineate. Inheriting the title of a nobleman

without the feelings of a gentleman, Lord —— practises the frauds of a sharper without a blush; and commits more robberies than a highwayman, without the exertion of courage, or the fear of public execution. Profligate though avaricious, what he gains by dishonour he lavishes in debauchery; and the gold which he received as a *compromise* from the seducer of his wife, was, in a few weeks, expended at the tavern and the brothel! We have said, "*which he received as a compromise;*" for be it known, that this execrable peer having detected a *noble friend* intriguing with his lady, he meanly accepted a few thousand pounds as a compensation, and has since consented to share her person and her bed with the PRIVILEGED ADULTERER!!!

The predatory attacks of Lord —— are generally directed against those who have been elevated by Fortune above the sphere in which they where born, and whose riches are their only passport into fashionable society: these vain and thoughtless mortals imagine that the notice of a *peer* (be he ever so infamous) adds to their consequence; his lordship, therefore, seldom goes his daily rounds in his curricle without picking up some rich and silly victim to sacrifice in the evening at the gaming table. The Bacchanalian hero of Devonshire-place has more than once had the occasion to lament the effects of Lord ——'s skill in shuffling the pack, and *passing a card*, as it is technically denominated. A few months ago, this weak, good-natured man went reeling into the M—— coffee-house, were his lordship was watching for prey, who insisted upon his partaking of a bottle of Champaigne, which being emptied, a second, a third, and a fourth were ordered in; when the artful peer, perceiving that his companion was just as he *wished him to be*, proposed that they should retire, and play a game at cards, which was agreed to; but *what game* was finally determined upon,

neither ourselves, nor Mr. ——, can tell; the latter, however, found, next morning, that some score pounds, which he had in his pocket, were *gone; how* he did not know till he met his lordship, who informed him that he had won several hundred pounds of him, and that the greater part of the sum was still unpaid. Poor Mr. —— protested that he did not recollect having seen either a card or a dice box on the preceding evening; but as his lordship declared that it was *fairly* and *honorably* won, he, with his usual good nature, consented to pay the money!!!

We wish the Society for the Suppression of Vice, instead of confining their attention to such crimes as *shaving* and *baking* on the Lord's day, would *condescend* to notice such capital offenders as Lord ——, and warn the unwary against entering their houses, and partaking of their destructive entertainments, by means similar to those which were not long ago adopted in Lisle-street; divers persons furnished with lanthorns erected on poles, and bearing in large letters this inscription: BEWARE OF BAD HOUSES AND PLUNDERING PEERS," should be directed by them to patrol the neighbourhood where such nuisances reside: this would be conferring a *real* benefit on society!

It has been remarked by an accurate and justly celebrated philosopher, that "no man is entirely destitute of virtue;" but we apprehend that Lord —— is an exception to the general rule; for we never heard of his possessing a single good quality. The powers of his mind are as contemptible as his actions are vicious; and his conversation is only remarkable for obscenity, oaths, and blasphemy. Indeed, he seems to be alike regardless of the vengeance of God, and he abhorrence of man. Is it not astonishing, is it not abominable, that such a being should be admitted into the society of his more virtuous countrymen? Yet such is the case; and we have even seen him in close and friendly conversation with an illustrious son of our amiable and adored sovereign!!!

POLITICAL CONNOISSEURS.

MR. SATIRIST,

HAVING received a hint from a friend of mine, who sometimes dabbles in the Edinburgh Review, that Mr. R-sc-e had prevailed upon "the Talents" to fix a day for visiting the exhibition at Somerset-house, I took care to be there at an early hour on the day chosen, and fortunately was in time for the arrival of the learned personages.

Some confusion arose at their entrance, occasioned by Mr Sh-r-d-n's extraordinary forgetfulness in coming *without his purse!* Lord H. P-tt-y's patience was overcome before this obstacle was removed; and making a sudden bound over the door-keeper's bar, he soon reached the landing-place, and was proceeding in his ill-timed levity, when recalled by a gloomy frown from Lord Gr-y. Mr. Sh-r-d-n, however, soon brought his noble friend back to good humour, by expressing his wonder that he should be chagrined at so *petty* an annoyance, reminding him also of the *strange ways* which the boy had lately *espoused*.

Earl T-mple was much blown, getting up stairs, and declared his resolution, ever to be, for the future, a *stationary Lord*.

The first painting which attracked their attention, particularly that of Mr. P-ns-nby, was the portrait of Mr. Congreve inventor of the *Copenhagen rockets*. The sensibility of "All the Talents" was strangely excited by their view of this "barbarous, indefensible, and unjustifiable author of destruction." The crowned head of Brobdignag never expressed more horror at the narration of Lemuel Gulliver than did Mr. Wh-tbr-d at his execrable contrivance. Mr. P-ns-by remarked, that the rockets were

known long before they were *invented* by Mr. Congreve: stating that they were no other than the wild-fire of the Greeks, with this slight difference, that one *swam* in the air, whereas the other *flew* under water. Mr. Wh-tbr-d was *brewing* another storm of angry eloquence, when he was unseasonably hurried away, by a dignified request from Lord Gr-y, to pay attention to the portrait of their friend Sir R. Philips,

> "Oh, Heavens! the very same,
> The soften'd image of my noble friend:
> Alive his every look, his every feature
> More elegantly touch'd,"

exclaimed his lordship: when reproved by Mr. Sh-r-d-n for plagiarising from the Catalogue, he was evidently displeased, and afterwards carefully avoided that side of the room.

All stood in mute astonishment at the representation of Cardinal Beaufort's death. Mr. Gr-tt-n suggested, that "Government could take no better method of conciliating the affections of the Catholics than by presenting the picture to the college of Maynooth." Mr P-ns-nby, intending a compliment, drew blushes from the by-standers, by observing to Mr. Gr-tt-n, "that a more valuable donation would be *his own* portrait, which had been thrown aside by the university of Dublin."*

The exclamation of "*Oh what a piece!*" from Lord Ersk-ne, attracted the attention of "All the Talents" to the painting of Helen at the Scæan Gate. Lord Gr-y coldly observed, "that there certainly was much piety in the countenance of the old King," but remarked rather severely on the superstition of his ancestors; and disliked very much the expression of each of the Ministers; *particu-*

* This "spretæ injuria formæ," Mr. Gr-tt-n has not forgotten:—
——"manet altâ mente repostum
Judicium."

larly that of the dark one behind the throne." Mr. Wh-tbr-d's humanity was again excited by the second recurrence of a siege; and Mr. W-ndh-m, who had been hitherto somewhat silent, now explained, with much ardour and emphasis, the propriety of reviving the tactics of the ancients; he expressed a strong aversion to bombs; and intimated the prudence and caution of a ten years blockade. Mr. R-sc-e was about expatiating on the blessing of a numerous offspring, but was uncivilly interrupted by Lord H. P-tt-y's commendation of Helen's *instep*. Mr. W-ndh-m eagerly drew them to his opinions on the armour. Mr. Ti-rn-y insisted, from its success, that it must have been indubitably *brass*. Dr. L-wr-nce inclined to *lead*. "*Papier Maché*," ejaculated Lord T-mple. "Not pig iron, I hope," rejoined Lord H. P-tt-y. From the instrument of war it was a natural transition to the cause. A point of honour," cried Mr. P-ns-nby. "Ah, pardon me," said Lord Ersk-ne; "an affair of gallantry—*causa teterrima belli*." "What?" maliciously asked Mr. Sh-r-dn. Lord T-mple chuckled, Mr. Gr-tt-n smiled, Lord Gr-y turned on his heel, and Lord Ersk-ne, together with Lord H. P-tt-y, did the like.

Many of the company seemed anxious to contemplate the painting of the *unpaid bill*, but Mr. Sh-r-d-n's uneasiness was so visible, that they passed on to the picture of Ulysses and Laertes: this quickly restored Mr. Sh-r-d-n's good humour. Mr. R-sc-e elegantly insinuated, "that parental affection was also illustrated by more modern examples," and reminded him of his happy application of the tender apostrophe in Ossian: "there goes Morni, the father of Gaul."* Mr. Sh-r-d-n was

* "There goes *Richard* the father of Tom!"—*Westminster Election.*

strongly affected, but Mr. T-rn-y so far forgot his accustomed regard to *order*, as to laugh! Mr. P-ns-nby drew their attention from that picture, by acutely detecting the strong likeness which the painting of Phaeton bore to Lord H. P-tt-y. "It was a great fall," pitifully exclaimed Lord Gr-y: "yet methinks he *moves gracefully* through the air," said Mr. Sh-r-d-n; "a falling meteor," exclaimed Mr. W-ndh-m, "descending to the horizon!"

The posthumous portrait of Mr. Pitt attracted their attention. "Executed to the life," said Mr. P-ns-nby." "Odd enough that." rejoined Mr. Sh-r-d-n, "being painted after his death." "Psha!" pettishly exclaimed Lord Gr-y, hurrying them from the apartment.

All seemed anxious to get into the *council*-room: they found, however, much *opposition* to their entrance, owing to an immense crowd collected by Lord H. P-tt-y's figuring with extreme violence before a dancing Bacchante. Mr. W-ndh-m suffered severely in the crowd from a *Westminster volunteer*, and Mr. Sh-r-d-n was hustled by a *disappointed* pickpocket. From the general dissatisfaction which the party had excited by Lord Gr-y's austerity, Lord H. P-tty's frivolity, and Mr. Sh-r-d-n's ill-timed jokes, "All the Talents" judged it prudent to retire, except Lord Ersk-ne, whom the rest were obliged to disown; for perfectly regardless of his associates, surrounded by a company of Cyprians, and pointing to his own picture, he continued to vociferate "I, I, I!!"

Lords Gr-nv-lle and Lord H-li-nd, who arrived late, had joined their friends in the model-room. *All the designs* for the *elevation* of *churches* met with their disapprobation. Lord E-lk-ne, who, in the other rooms, had exhibited a total ignorance of *Indian* scenery, affected to discover many faults in the bust of the Marquis Wellesley. The façade of a college was much admired by Mr. P-ns-nby and Mr. Gr-tt-n, who took a sketch for the ac-

commodation of the Maynooth professors. Lord H-ll-d preferred, however, a Spanish front; and indeed the tastes of all the party were decidedly *foreign*. Mr. Sh-r-d-n found fault with the *clumsy* design of a *Temple*, and declared he thought it a mere waste of *paper*.

Although anxious to gratify themselves by *more designs*, "the Talents" were obliged to abandon their intention (notwithstanding the repeated solicitations of Mr. P-ns-nby *to stay*) by the sudden appearance of Lord Ersk-ne and his female friends, who had now most unpleasantly attracted a marked and universal attention.

SCARRON.

N. B. I had nearly forgotten a ridiculous blunder of Mr. P-ns-nby's, who mistook the figures of *Don Quixote* and *Sancho*, for likenesses of Mr. W-ndh-m and that unfeeling parasite * * *.

THE LOITERER.

No. VI.

No quality is more generally respected than COURAGE; and the admiration with which it is regarded is as ancient as it is universal and natural. The Romans expressed their veneration for this quality by the name which they gave to it: with them virtue and courage were synonimous; and those only who possessed this virtue in a superior degree were admitted to places of trust and honour. Their public rewards and public entertainments were all calculated to promote its growth; and so successfully was the cultivation, and so deep the root it took, that it grew and flourished, and spread, and overshadowed the subject

world. When luxury and effeminacy cankered the root, the tree of courage fell, and Roman grandeur fell with it.

Nor was the respect paid to courage less in the middle ages. To be brave and fortunate in arms was the highest distinction to which any could aspire. The valorous knight was the friend of the princess, and the favourite of the fair; and his deeds were the theme of the minstrel's loftiest song.

Among barbarous nations courage is, if possible, still more highly venerated; and seems to be, indeed, the only quality to which they attach value or importance. The chief is the bravest man of his tribe; for to attain to that dignity he must have shewn himself worthy to command by proofs of his superior bravery. Nor is it active valour only which they admire; magnanimity under suffering is, if not even more, at least equally respected; for they naturally conclude, that to endure torture patiently requires greater firmness than to inflict it. It is no uncommon thing, therefore, when the election of a chief is contested, for the rival candidates, instead of setting forth their pretensions in a speech, or deciding them by a duel, to treat the electors with various parts of their own persons: thus they will cut off their nose, an ear, a lip, a rump steak, and so on; and whichever of the candidates goes farthest with these self-mutilations gains the election, though, by the time the contest is decided, the electors, perhaps, will have but half a chief.

It is the same admiration of courage, no doubt, which renders the art and practice of BOXING at present so fashionable among us; and this we may the rather conclude, since those professors of the science, who are peculiarly remarkable for courage, are dignified with an appellation borrowed from the seat of honour, and are thence called *bottom* men. If courage, indeed, be honourable, the pugilist may justly lay claim to honour: a general, the fa-

vourite of Fortune, may command during a whole campaign, cut down armies before him like nettles, have his name trumpeted to the four corners of the world by the horns of the newsmen, and be made transparent by ORME, and yet never come within the whiz of a musket bullet, nor be near enough to the enemy to hear the sound of his drum: but the pugilist fights his antagonist foot to foot, his fists his only weapons, and his arms his only defence; all depends on himself, and though he hopes to prove victorious, he knows well before setting-to, that he shall hardly come off without being well *punished*, or with so little damage as the loss of an eye and a battered nose, or a shattered jaw and four or five broken ribs. What, then, are the merits of the general compared with those of the pugilist? A pugilist is a hero of no common order, and well deserves the rank which he at present holds in the estimation of the polite world. It is of no importance that he displays his courage merely for the amusement of those who pay him, and that a general fights to advance the interests of his country; the same objection might be made to the merits of an opera singer; and if money were the standard of all merits, it might be supposed those of a lord high chancellor nearly equal, because he receives nearly as large a salary.

But while the merits of the pugilist are justly appreciated by the politer classes, there are some persons, either interested or prejudiced, who endeavour to bring the practice of boxing into contempt, and represent it as low, brutal, and disgraceful. Among these, unfortunately, are the magistrates, who will scarce ever suffer our brave champions to have a battle in peace and comfort, but hunt them about most cruelly from county to county, to the great disappointment and inconvenience of such of his majesty's liege subjects as do not keep their own carriages, who frequently come from a great distance to see

with what good humour and dexterity the combatants will knock one another's eyes out. Such conduct can only be attributed to the secret influence of those who have an interest in keeping up the present establishment of our army and navy; since they cannot but be aware, that two or three hundred of these champions of the fist would be sufficient for the defence of our country, and by rendering our navy and army unnecessary, would put an end to their consequence and their profits. So always are the interests of the many sacrificed to those of the few!

If this gallant spirit were not thus checked and circumscribed, what beneficial consequences might not result from it! How might refined society be enlightened, and how might the purity of our constitution be restored! A boxing match might afford the subject of a lecture, or form part of the entertainments at our fashionable institutions; and if before their suppers a few jaws should be broken, there might be something left for the female subscribers to eat. But what a death-blow would it be to corruption, if men were to be compelled to box their way to preferment! If none were to be raised to the house of peers who had not first thrashed every member of the house of commons, what a glorious nobility should we have! And if admission to the lower house were only to be obtained by the same means, there must be an end to ministerial influence; for hirelings must be servile, which the brave cannot be. No mode, indeed, can be so well adapted to the nature of popular elections: in a state of nature we see the savage tribes having recourse to a still severer trial of virtue to decide their choice; and among the Romans something of the same sort may have been the origin of the custom, practised by the candidates for the consulship, of shewing their wounds to the people to procure their votes. In short, the readiest way of striking at once at perjury and bribery, and all the abuses which

have crept into the election system, would be, to return that candidate to parliament who shall have made his opponent give in, taking up the conqueror where there are more than one. The same system might be carried into the house with great advantage to the public, and personal convenience to the members themselves. Every one must have noticed what a wonderful deal of time is taken up in debating questions, which might easily be cut short by a pugilistic argument; and since blows are said to be the arguments of kings, surely they are the fittest to be employed by the representatives of the sovereign people.

C.

To the Editor of the Satirist.

DEAR SIR,

It was with considerable regret that I read in your last number a letter signed *Jeremy Collier*, and felt that your own candour and manly independence were in some degree committed, inasmuch as it involved you in the conclusion that your useful miscellany was liable to the worst prostitution of talent, that of personal abuse. I know that you will agree with me in declaring, that whatever departs from the originally just principles of its constituent character risks an inconsistency which is more likely to be blamed than applauded; and therefore I am bold to say, that you yourself do not feel a justifying consciousness of propriety in having admitted into your publication the letter to which I allude. It is a great part of the satisfaction which I experience in the honour of your acquaintance, that I call a man my friend who has too much real knowledge not to reject the empiricism of the pen, and too much truth in himself to embrace wittingly the falsehood of others. Firm in the stability of your own cha-

racter, you cannot but abhor every unworthy attempt to undermine another's; and convinced of the value of fair fame by the greatly acquired share which you enjoy, you sicken at every attempt to stain the reputation of any one. You made this declaration in your Prospectus, if I remember aright, at least you inferred as much; and I cannot find out in that inference the least avowal of attacking personal character. Now, my dear Sir, I am confident, that with so much uniformity of inflexible decisiveness of mind as you are well known for, you would not have suffered so strange an aberration from the original plan of your work to have appeared, as that of *Jeremy Collier's* personal attack upon three clergymen, had you been aware of the design of the writer. For if I properly read your intentions in your Prospectus, your lash of satire was not raised for the purpose of wounding individuals, but of general castigation of devious characters. And I cannot help thinking that your correspondent, *Jeremy Collier*, would have adhered more strictly to the first lines of demarcation which you assumed for the limits of your warfare, had he judiciously exposed the anomalous character of what he considers irregular profession in the church, by general discrimination of principle, rather than by personal aspersion and peculiar allusion. It is in my power to contradict much of what he has advanced; and if he feels the true spirit of the *amor ecclesiæ*, which he professes, and will attach his name to his characteristics, I will with mine meet him on that fair and open field, in which a man of honour and veracity would ever wish to combat, either for his own sake, or for that of the cause which he espouses.

Οὐδεὶς γὰρ ἀξιοῖ τὰ φαινόμενα ἀδύνατα.—Arist. Ar. Rhet. lib. ii. ch. 13.

I remain, dear Sir, your obedient servant,

Σ.

POLITICS.

Eighteen eventful years have elapsed since the commencement of the French Revolution; and during eight of these years NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE, "the child and champion of Jacobinism," as Mr. Pitt emphatically styled him, has fulfilled the prophecy of Burke;* and swayed in his left hand the destinies of France, whilst with his right hand he has grasped, shaken, and overthrown the houses of Bourbon, Brandenbourg, and Braganza. The downfal of these once mighty families has resounded through the universe: the cities of Rome, Palermo, Stockholm, Vienna, Constantinople, Petersburgh, feel strongly the undulation of the shocks, and anticipate still fiercer concussions with fear and trembling; America, that pliant willow, bends before the gathering storm: whilst ENGLAND alone, "covering the hills with her shadow, stretches out her branches unto the sea, and her boughs unto the river," in firm and contemptuous defiance, trusting in the mercies of her God. How awful, how august, how sublime a spectacle does our dear native land exhibit! After eighteen turbulent years of alarm, of deception, of treason domestic, of foreign levy, of augmented and augmenting taxes, of sudden death, of apprehended famine, of bitter war, of hollow truce, of "*experimental*" peace, of redoubled and exacerbated hostilities, of imaginary blockade and real privation;—still this noble-hearted empire sturdily towers aloft, "with all her leafy honours;" still braves the utmost fury of the elements of discord; and, with majestic impartiality, shelters people, priests, nobles, princes, monarchs, of every nation, of every language, of every religion, who emulously flock to her shores for subsistence, and for protection

* Burke on the French Revolution.

against the common foe. One feature, alas! of her belligerent policy appears injudicious: even that, however, bears the stamp of heroism and magnanimity, viz. the system of sending out inadequate expeditions:

> "Oh! that Britannia, in the day of war,
> Would not alone Minerva's valour trust,
> But also hear her wisdom! Then her oaks,
> Shap'd by her own mechanics, would alone
> Her island fortify, and fix her fame;
> Nor would she weep, like Rachael, for her sons,
> Whose glorious blood, in mad profusion,
> In foreign lands is shed—and shed in vain."*

Dull and brutal must be the perverse intellect of that man who can contemplate with calm indifference the passing scenes and changes brought about by modern Machiavelism; more dull and brutal yet must be the narrow heart of him who can contemplate them merely as objects of speculation and curiosity; and lost, oh! irretrievably lost, to all the finest feelings of humanity must be the soul of that *bastard* BRITON, who contemplates them with apathy, canvasses their result with complacency, and traitorously panegyrizes the *dæmon* who struts and frets his hour upon this nether stage.

We detest party nicknames and watchwords of every description. *Cavaliers* and *Roundheads*, *Whigs* and *Tories*, *Jacobites* and *Hanoverians*, *Pittites* and *Foxites*, *Aristocrats* and *Democrats*, are terms of alternate eulogy and reproach, that have lived their little day of tumult, and are now, with greater or less rapidity, hastening to deserved oblivion; "*Lord George Gordon for ever!*" and "*Wilkes and liberty!*" and "*the Man of the People!*" and "*No Bastile!*" are remembered only with disgust; and the vast majority of our patriotic countrymen

* Smart, "The Hop Garden."

proudly rally round the altar and the throne, as free-born, religious ENGLISHMEN, who scorned to be BADGE-MEN to any faction, whilst, amidst "ALL THE TALENTS," we behold but one or two *Grenvillites*, one *Burdettite*, one *Sheridanean*, one *Egotist*. This augurs well; *the snake is*, at least, *scotched*: "et spatium victor victi considerat hostis." Would to Heaven the malignant reptile were not simply *scotched* but *killed!*

At the present important crisis, when (with the temporary exception of Sweden) we find NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE arming the accumulated physical force of the Continent against us, like the powers of one giant—

——"toto certandum est corpore regni,"

it behoves all Englishmen, high and low, rich and poor, one with another, to exert their best energies of head, heart, hand, and purse, in the defence of THE BRITISH ISLES, the asylum of loyalty, freedom, order, learning, science, morality, and religion. All scramblings for places of honour or profit, therefore, all squabbles between the INS and the OUTS, should, surely, now be treated with general contempt. That post alone is now enviable, which enables freemen to defend the falling liberties of the world; that animosity alone is meritorious, which displays itself against the scourge of Europe. The tongue, the pen, the press, the sword—these are the active weapons of warfare; and of these the three first may be made far more permanently efficacious than the last, if manfully and honourably exerted. The operation of the *tongue*, the *pen*, and the *press*, conduces to secure the liberty of the human mind; whereas, the operation of the *sword* can but protect the liberty of its wearer's body. The ILLUMINATI of Germany, alas! more than paved the way for the conquests and confiscations of the ATHEISTS of France. Profuse declarations of patriotism

have ever justly been suspected; thus much we will confidently assert: as long as we continue to enjoy the faculties of thought, speech, and action, so long shall THE SATIRIST fearlessly wield his best weapons in the sacred cause of TRUTH and DUTY.

TOM SHUTTLE AND BLOUSALINDA.

A DOLOROUS DITTY.

Fond youths and tender maidens all,
Of country, town, or city;
Or chubby, slender, short, or tall,
Brown, fair, or grave, or witty:

And graceless rakes and wanton dames,
Of high or low condition;
Who revel in unlicensed flames,
And scoff at admonition,

To this my hapless tale attend,
In lofty rhimes emblazon'd;
Of one sad youth's untimely end,
By one false maid occasion'd.

The Urchin who, by hook or crook,
Is ev'ry rank bewitching;
His aim at a poor Weaver took,
And shot him from a kitchen.

From Blousalinda's piercing eye,
The peace-destroying wizard,
A dart in dripping dipt let fly,
Which hit him in the gizzard.

Mechanics thus, replete with art,
Take gimblet by the handle,
And shrewdly grease the spiral part
With end of tallow candle.

Tom Shuttle was his name, and he
In Spitalfields resided;
But wand'ring far for love of *she*,
At Islington he die did.

A man so mild, so mute, so meek,
Ere Love his cranium muddled,
That seldom more than once a week
His neighbours saw him fuddled.

Who ne'er was known to keep away
From meeting upon Sundays;
And rarely ever went astray,
Excepting on Saint Mondays.

His dwelling was a lofty room,
Bedeck'd with songs and battles;
A chair, a table, bed, and loom,
Comprized his goods and chattels,

And now he'd sing, and then he'd muse,
As warp and weft he'd mingle;
Deep pond'ring in his mind to choose,
Or married life or single.

But from the moment he beheld
The culinary maiden,
Dainties and Love his doubts dispell'd,
And much of each he laid in.

O Blousalinda! Damsel, O!
Of charms beyond expansion,
Why didst thou e'er invite him to
Thy stomach-soothing mansion!

Why didst thou choicest bits provide,
High-season'd and provoking;
And roast and boil'd, and stew'd and fried,
All savory and smoking?

Ah! why didst thou unpin thy gown,
Thy beauteous form exposing:
And then beside him sit thee down,
Forbidden sights disclosing?

Say, didst thou find his lawful love
Too cold for thy desires;
And hope some other swain might prove
Hot as thy kitchen fires?

Or didst thou think his grosser mind
Devoid of am'rous wishes;
Thy glowing charms, fond maid, declin'd
For fragments of made dishes.

The larder's stores would rather see,
Than all that man e'er toasted;
And even to enjoying thee
Preferr'd the *mutton* roasted.

As pure as e'er La Mancha's knight
Loved maiden of Toboso;
So pure he loved thee, damsel bright,
Though thou didst not suppose so.

O cruel, then, to shut the door,
And banish him for ever;
To tell him ne'er to see the more,
Ah! never, *no, not never.*

From Spitalfields to Islington,
Right joyful oft he journeyed;
And though so late as twelve or one,
As joyful he returned.

Forbidden still at close of day,
He'd go although 'twas fruitless:
Sad youth, he wore his *shoes* away,
In journeys that were *bootless*.

Regardless of the damps of night,
Where dwelt his Blousalinda,
He'd watch until the taper bright
Illumed her chamber window.

And then he'd call the maid by name,
With ev'ry sweet addition;
And paint his peace-consuming flame,
And gentle disposition.

"O Blousalinda, maiden dear,"
And such soft words he'd utter,
"Thy faithful Thomas Shuttle hear,
Now standing—in the gutter.

"Sweet, cruel beauty, bright as stars,
O *list* to thy well-wisher,
Or I'll away to deadly wars,
And *list* in the militia."

But, ah! his vows and threats were vain,
To all his sobs and sighing
Her ears were deaf, or with disdain
She heard, and scorn'd replying.

But when the taper ceased to burn,
Most bitter was his sorrow;
Dejected homeward he would turn,
And weep until the morrow.

When Love who doth all heartstrepan,
Hath caught us in his springes,
He quite subdues the active man,
And knocks us off the hinges.

For now neglecting web and loom,
His time he sadly wasted;
No charms possess'd his lofty room
With songs and battles pasted.

There, thrown aside, the warp and weft
Was all besnarled and ravelled,
His mind's sad type when home he left,
Not caring where he travell'd.

And many a mile he wander'd round,
With sorrow almost choking;
And sometimes in a pot-house found
A short relief in smoaking.

One day, alas! did he full soon
Forsake his work and victuals;
And careless all the afternoon,
Drank ale and play'd at skittles.

But Love so much his wits had cross'd,
His mind perplext and puzzled,
That many were the games he lost,
And much the ale he guzzled.

Then as he lost he fractious grew,
And swore his mates were cheating;
And thrice he for the fight withdrew,
And thrice he got a beating.

And then for all the world like one
Whose brains were on a ramble,
With speed he hied to Islington,
O'er brickfield, ditch, and bramble.

The paths were bad, the night was dark,
The rain in torrents pouring;
The watchful curs aloud did bark,
The watch aloud were—*snoring*.

The lamps had shed their last faint ray,
Their food soon doom'd to fail 'em;
But lovers never lose their way,
And robbers ne'er assail 'em.

Though hapless slips he often made,
Where mud in pools collected;
Yet never was the heart dismay'd
That love and ale protected.

And now he sees the taper bright,
And well known chamber window,
Where, shelter'd from the stormy night,
Dwelt cruel Blousalinda.

And near the lattice stood the maid,
His anxious optics blessing;
Her flowing garments loosely play'd,
In act she seem'd undressing.

Her 'kerchief thrown aside, disclosed
To wanton eyes and breezes,
Those charms by modesty exposed
To none—but whom she pleases.

And on her face a smile she wore,
Like one with joy transported;
Such had he often seen before
When happily he courted.

Such and so beam'd each sparkling eye,
When first he came a wooing;
Such glances threw the fatal dye
That caused Tom Shuttle's ruin.

" O thou, whose eyes outshine each star,
Whose cheeks outglow Aurora,
Come down, (he cried) the door unbar,
And let in thy adorer.

" For I have travell'd far to-night,
O'er fields and ditches dreary;
Compassionate my wretched plight,
All *wet*, and *dry*, and weary.

" O place me near some cheering blaze,
If not for love, for pity;
And still shall Shuttle sing thy praise,
Though doleful be his ditty.

" The moon shall never be allow'd
So fair as Blousalinda;"—
The moon was hid behind a cloud,
And she went from the window.

Fond youths and maids, to you I sing,
Who, crost in Love's sad passion,
Have often done a foolish thing,
And sometimes too a rash one;

Tom Shuttle's lamentable fate,
When you have heard or read it,
Must in your kindred breasts create
Its full extent of credit.

And gentle swains and damsels fair,
Not by experience taught it,
Who've heard of such a thing as care,
But, haply, never bought it.

If you believe the tale you've read,
Erst told of times romantic,
How for Albraeca's peerless maid
The Paladin grew frantic;

And in his madness roam'd about,
Outrageous feats committing;
Then shall our hero's deeds, no doubt,
From falsehood bear acquitting.

And tell me, oh! instructive Muse,
Oh, tell me, I implore ye:
Did Love or ale at first infuse
In Tommy's upper story,

The thought transcendantly sublime,
Orlando's feats excelling;
Maugre the pelting storm to climb
The maiden's lofty dwelling.

Love first the mighty thought conceiv'd,
And potent liquor arm'd him;
So man when drunk hath oft achiev'd
What sober hath alarm'd him.

Fast pour'd the rain, no cheering gleams
The daring youth befriended;
The channel'd roof bestow'd its streams,
As silent he ascended.

Yet nought dismay'd, the clamb'ring wight
Soon mounted to the casement;
But there, alas! beheld a sight
That fill'd him with amazement.

Scarce would his eyes the fact believe,
Although as plain as could be,
So apt are lovers to perceive
Things only as they should be.

There Blousalinda, full of joy,
Confess'd by am'rous titters,
Was sitting with the butcher's boy,
Drinking of gin and bitters.

His wanton arm about her waist,
No coy resistance meeting;
Whilst she the greasy youth embrac'd,
His looks of love repeating.

With one rude dash each fragile pane
Is broken into shivers;
And staring wild in doleful strain,
His thoughts he thus delivers.

" Ah! is it thus, ungrateful fair,
My tender love's requited;
Have then my passion and despair
A rival's ear delighted?

" Have I for this so often come
O'er brickfields, ditches, brambles;
And often when lock'd out from home,
Laid down on bulks and shambles?

" With nought but love to keep me warm,
By clothes not overloaded;
Nor would thy gentle heart alarm,
By telling thee I so did.

" Alas! for thee my web and loom
In sadness I've forsaken;
And, bow'd beneath thy cruel doom,
To idle ways have taken.

" And canst thou all thy vows forget,
O heart than marble harder;
Vows oft repeated when we met
So happy—in the larder?

" No one could hold thy charms so dear,
No one could love thee stronger:
O perjur'd maid! though much I fear
Thou art a maid no longer.

" That scornful smile I cannot bear;
And since thy feelings such are,
I will not live to nurse despair,
But leave thee—to the butcher.

" Hard-hearted maid behold my wreck,
Then pity him you hated"—
He said, he fell, and, ah! his neck
Completely dislocated.

The jury found it lunacy,
By reasons shrewd and wary;
Felo de se it could not be,
He fell—*into the area.*

MORAL.

Ye lovers all, warn'd by my rhime,
Unless you really mad are,
Never to lofty windows climb,
Without you have—a ladder.*

ANECDOTES, EPIGRAMS, &c.

A JOLLY country parson invited his clerk, an honest, officious, simple hearted-fellow, to partake of a Welch rabbit and home-brewed ale on the next Saturday afternoon. Grateful and over-joyed, the lucky wight exerted successfully all his little powers to please his host; and, when the tankard needed replenishing, readily took it himself to the cellar, to save his patron or madam trouble. The treat was delicious: our party separated, reluctantly, at a late hour. Next morning, of course, the liberal entertainer mounted the desk, and drone l through the routine of service with his customary *nonchalance*: but, alas! the last night's sweet vigil, and this little additional effort, so fatigued him, that, during the psalm-singing previous to the sermon, he fairly fell asleep. Ever attentive to his Amen duty, perceiving a very unusual pause after the psalm, and suspecting the fact, from certain qualms in his own stomach, Moses left his seat in hasty trepidation, sprang up the pulpit-step, and whispered eagerly in the slumberer's ear: "For heaven's sake, rise, Sir! it's ended!"—"Is it, indeed?" said the preacher.—"What, so soon?" rubbing his eyes:—"then, *fill again*, MOSES."

In his *Melange Critique*, i. p. 317, Basle, 1698, ANCILLON, speaking of venerable Bede, says: He is not satisfied with inventing names for the MAGI, who adored Jesus Christ; but he gives

* We were favoured with this very humorous tale by the author, who has in the press an entertaining collection of similar productions, which will shortly be published under the title of "ECCENTRIC TALES," by CORNELIUS CRAMBO, Esquire.

us their ages and features, and even tells us what garments they had on, and what presents they individually offered; "MELCHIOREM senem fuisse, ait, et canum, barbâ prolixâ et capillis, et hunc obtulisse *aurum* Christo, ut regi; secundum, GASPAREM juvenem imberbem, rubicundum, et hunc obtulisse illi *thus*, ut Deo; tertium BALTHAZAREM, fuscum, integre barbatum, *myrrham*, filium hominis moriturum indicantem, exhibuisse." He then mentions the quality and colour of the stuffs wherewith they were clad, and the fashion of their several habiliments. This, to be sure, is not downright heretical mockery; but yet Spanheim, in the second part of his *Dubia Evangelica*, DUB. xxiii. very clearly demonstrates, that "Hæc ludicra sunt præ iis, in quibus sequentibus seculis à superstitione peccatum." *Hoc fonte clades fluxit.*

Scultetus, in his *Liber medicinalis*, part i. cap. 25, says, "If any one were to approach his mouth to the ear of a man in an epileptic fit, and thrice to repeat three lines, on the MAGI and their *gifts*, the sick person would recover." The lines are,

GASPAR fert *myrrham*, *thus* MELCHIOR, BALTHASAR *aurum*.
Hæc tria qui secum portabit nomina regum,
Solvitur a morbo Christi pietate caduco.

So Bede says, that the same names, written on clean paper or parchment, thrice marked with the sign of the cross, were once most shamefully held as *amulets*, and hung round the neck. And, on the 16th Jan. 174$\frac{8}{9}$, one Jackson, an infamous smuggler, was attainted for the horrid murder of William Galley and Daniel Chater, but died in a few hours after sentence of death was pronounced. The following charm, or *amulet*, was found in a linen purse belonging to him; he was a Roman catholic.

Sancti tres reges
GASPAR, MELCHIOR, BALTHASAR,
Orate pro nobis nunc et in horâ
Mortis nostræ.

"Ces billets ont touché aux trois testes des saints rois à Cologne. Ils sont pour les voyageurs, contre les malheurs des chemins, maux de teste, *malcaduque*, fievres, sorcellerie, toute sorte de ma-

lefice, et *mort subite.*" (For the *latter* part of this strange article we own ourselves indebted to *the Gentleman's Magazine*, for Feb. 1749.)

EPIGRAM ON LORD H. P.'S MARRIAGE.

Reas'ning in vain, the man will never change,
He acts in *private* as in *public* life;
To gain a vote his WAYS were ever STRANGE,
And STRANGE-WAYS he adopts to get a wife.

MATTHEW MEDLEY.

THE MYSTERY OF REVIEWING.

Within these hundred years a work has been published by the Rev. Robert Bland, &c.; which work is entitled "TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY." *The Edinburgh reviewers* modestly applied to a *known* scholar, requesting of him a fair critique of the book; he instantly assented, and selected the hymn of Callistratus, on *Harmodius and Aristogeiton*, for the subject of his eulogy. MEM. This hymn was actually translated by *himself*, and kindly communicated by *himself* to Mr. Bland, &c. ! ! !

"By his own pen he shines, for he alone
Could to his *baldness* suit the *laurel* crown."

EPIGRAM.—ADDRESSED TO MASTER HORACE TWISS.

Sæva tibi quanquam natura negavit acumen,
Donavitque caput quod nihil intus habet,
Ne querere infelix—patruus tua nomina fecit
Clara—et semper erunt egregia—*in matulis.**

M.

---

* *Matula* signifies either a *silly coxcomb*, or a certain bed-room utensil, at the bottom of which an enraged potter pourtrayed the likeness of Mr. H. Twiss's uncle, in revenge for the illiberal manner in which he had spoken of his countrymen. In Ireland the article alluded to has since been universally denominated a TWISS.—Vide SATIRIST, No. II. p. 212, and No. III. p. 289. EPIGRAM.

REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

FIAT JUSTITIA!

The Crusaders, or the Minstrels of Acre. Cadell and Davies, Strand, London. 1808.

It is a trite adage, that *he who proposes to be an author, should first be a student;* he who professes an art, should learn its rules: but, trite as it is, if we examine attentively the lucubrations of WALTER SCOTT, Esq. and his herd of servile imitators, we shall find them all *dulcibus abundare vitiis*, at the very best; and their eccentric compilers, in the plenitude of imaginary genius, all

> "From vulgar bounds, in wild disorder, start,
> And snatch a grace *beyond* the reach of art,

"There is a species of writers," says Johnson, in his Life of Smith, "who, without much labour, have attained high reputation, and who are mentioned with reverence, rather for the possession than the exertion of uncommon abilities."

Such we honestly conceive to be the character of Mr. SCOTT. We have not the honour of personally knowing the gentleman; from a diligent perusal of his compositions, we are not ourselves led to extol the efforts of his stupendous talents; and yet we never accidentally, or by design, converse with Scotchmen on the merits of modern poets, without hearing the most hyperbolical eulogies of this gifted son of song. Perhaps every period of time has

produced similar bubbles of artificial fame, which are kept up awhile by the breath of prejudice and fashion, and then break at once, and are annihilated. Unless we are miserably misinformed, M. S. feels no anxiety for literary reputation; his object is already attained, far beyond his own most sanguine expectations: in his eyes, the best Mæcenas is a liberal bookseller, the best poet's crown that which fetches five shillings; and he has ever in his mouth those apposite lines on Lucan, to which he gives an expression peculiarly charateristic,

"Sunt quidam qui me dicunt non esse poetam;
"Sed, qui me vendit bibliopola putat."

To such schoolboys as are enthusiastical admirers of Mr. WALTER SCOTT's irregular lays, the work before us will, no doubt, prove an acceptable acquisition. Indeed, the anonymous author of THE CRUSADERS seems himself modestly convinced of the truth of this conclusion; for, in his very laconic PREFACE, he says:

"Though it will sufficiently appear to the readers of the following work, that it is not an imitation of THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL; yet the first idea of composing it was suggested to the mind of the author by the perusal of that eminently beautiful poem. He conceived that the wild harp, which Mr. WALTER SCOTT has touched with so masterly a hand, might not only adapt itself to a diversity of subjects, but might even sound in unison with the sublime lyre of scriptural prophecy."

Like MARMION, [of which uncouth production we endeavoured faithfully to give a full and impartial review, in No. VII. p. 186, &c.] THE CRUSADERS *or the Minstrels of Acre*, is a most extraordinary poem; and like MARMION, too, it is distributed into six precise cantos. Over that ponderous volume, however, it possesses these decided and superlative advantages, *viz.* it pesters not its youthful readers with six long preliminary EPISTLES; it abounds less in heterogeneous compilations; and

the number of its pages, instead of five hundred and ten, barely amounts to one hundred and fifty-one; this is no slight improvement on its vaunted prototype. THE CRUSADERS, moreover, is certainly well printed, on good paper, by William Savage, of Bedford Bury, a man of respectable abilities in his branch of business.

In conformity with a celebrated rule of Horace, in his *Art of Poetry*, our unknown bard

> " in medias res,
> Non secùs ac notas, auditorem rapit :"

and, aware of the spirited effect of Interrogation, begins his poem with three distinct questions at once; to which questions, out of magnanimous compassion for his readers, (who may not all be gifted with the lucky faculty of second-sight) he subjoins three plain solutions, directly; thus:

> Q. " What mountain this beside the main ?
> A. 'Tis CARMEL'S sacred height.
> Q. What city fills the sea-beat plain ?
> A. ACRE, long besieged in vain.
> Q. What banner on her bulwark flies ?
> A. RICHARD'S, lion-hearted king."

Now, this is kind and civil; and we feel ourselves, already, quite at home with so complaisant a raree-shew-man; who, as he proceeds to unfold his plot, gives us solid reasons for what he asserts: " *Now, the pagans could harm no more,*" says our ingenious author: and instantly, as if anticipating our incredulous inquisitiveness into the ground for this ἄντος ἐφα he anxiously sets about elucidation forthwith:

" They could harm no more, for *general* DANGER," (on the part of the heathens, probably,) " and *general* DISMAY," [on the part of the christians, we presume,] " *had both taken to their heels,* like lusty fellows :"—

" Paynim, now, no more could harm :
Fled was *danger* fled *alarm !*"—Page 4.

How pleasantly the poet describes, in two short lines, the calm tranquillity of the scene ! where

" Panduntur portæ ; juvat ire, et *Turcica* castra,
Desertosque videre locos, littusque relictum."

Alas ! how soon is the smiling horizon overshadowed ! The calm was but the prelude to a fiercer tempest than ever ; Saladin rallied the pagans, beat the christians, and took Jerusalem.

To schoolboys of every class, of every form, of every denomination, the passages in page 8, of canto I., on the disastrious turn of affairs, must, we are persuaded, appear sublimely pathetic. We transcribe it with pleasure :

" As o'er the summer morn a cloud,
The news o'er Europe came,
From land to land in echoes loud
As pour'd thy voice the tidings, Fame ;
Sadness darken'd every face.
Mute were pipe, and harp, and song :
No dance, no tilt, no sylvian chase ;
The very boys their games forsook,
And slow and cheerless moped along :
Or if they play'd, in shadowy nook
Lurking, or solitary field,
Ashamed their sport conceal'd."

We know of no corresponding part in any Greek or Roman writer worthy to be compared with this. How poor and tame is Virgil ! where he tells Daphnis, *i. e.* Julius Cæsar, after his apotheosis,—

" Non ulli pastos illis egêre diebus
Frigida, Daphni, boves ad flumina : *nulla neque amnem*
Libavit quadrupes, nec graminis attigit herbam."

Ecloga v. 24.

HEIGHO!---We were very nearly asleep.---ALLONS!

This canto I. contains a dull, confused, and almost unintelligible, versification of historical statements, principally deduced [as we are most obligingly informed in a note to page 5] from a folio book, in prose, intitled "*Gesta Dei per Francos*," printed at Hanover in 1611; and from two folio books in prose, intitled "*Historiæ Anglicanæ Scriptores*," printed at Oxford in 1687.

Alas!

> "Nil est deterius latrone nudo;
> Nil securius est malo poetâ."—MARTIAL. xii. 63.

In Drinkwater's *Journal of the Siege of Gibraltar* occurs an animated description of the arrival of Admiral Darby's fleet before that fortress. Even this description our very ingenious plagiarist, with strange candour, avows he has thus designedly mangled:

> "In blank suspense Christian and Paynim gaze;
> For on the main the fog of morning sleeps:
> *What contain the vapouring deeps?*
> But, spiring through the gloom below,
> Forests of masts the watchman hails.
> Behold the mist at once upraise
> Its curtain; and approaching slow
> In solemn majesty, the sails
> While gentle breezes rise to cheer,
> The universal fleet appear!"—Page 16, and note.

"REM TANTAM TAM NEGLIGENTER!"

In the present instance we are really at a loss which most to admire, the poetaster's pertinacity of pilfering research, or his wretched metrical adaptation of a prose writer's elegant composition to his own works. In page 19, all the Cornish miners, to a man, are up in arms; cropful of wrath, forsooth, and chivalry. This is a precious bit of course fustian.

" And Cornwal her subterranean hive
Has emptied, inured from time of yore
With pickaxe the bars of earth to rive;
And with wedge and hammer's ponderous dint
From granite veins and seams of flint
To wrench the imbeded ore.
And, Humber! the youth have deserted the plain,
For they thought of the days when invaders slain
Did long obstruct thy crimson tide.
' The sons of those who slew the Dane
Shall humble Turkish pride!' "

Stapylton thus odly describes Marius, in his early employment as a common soldier:

" The vine then paid him, when the lazy cramp
Took his hand, pallisadoing the camp."

The second verse is a dactylic of extraordinary curiosity. [*See Hodgson's Juvenal*, VIII. 340. *note.*] What will Mr. H. or any poet with ears to his skull, say to these lines in THE CRUSADERS?

" And Cumbria sends her mountain race,
Through Eskdale bog and Derwent ford
From Skiddaw wont with Gillsland sword
The Teviot moss trooper to chase."

It is not every imitator who can copy the reveries of Mr. WALTER SCOTT with impunity; no stripling can safely attempt to wing a shaft in secret from the sounding bow of Ulysses; we have compassion for the errors of undoubted scholarship; we have scorn, full and unmixed, for the blunders of hardened and conceited stupidity. Yet, alas! he, whose dulness has armed him against the blows of SATIRE, will always continue to act, and speak, and write, with greater audacity, than they whose sensibility to cen-

sure tends to repress their ardour, and who dare not in future let their confidence outgrow their known abilities!

In one respect, and in that one alone, canto I. ends somewhat in the manner of the first book of Homer's ILIAD: it closes with that pride of modern hungry scribblers,---*a sumptuous feast.*

In canto II. occurs a blasphemous travesty of that most awful part in HOLY WRIT, where the Almighty is represented as for the first time, speaking to the people of Israel from his holy mountain. *And Mount Sinai was altogether on a smoke, because the Lord descended upon it in fire: and the smoke thereof ascended as the smoke of a furnace, and the whole mount quaked greatly. And when the voice of the trumpet sounded long, and waxed louder and louder, Moses spake, and God answered him by a voice.* EXODUS xix. 18, 19. From an insane desire "to *gild refined gold, our anonymous dabbler in rhyme runs, evidently, to his Virgil; opens the ÆNEIS; and, finding pat to his purpose, as he thinks,---,

> " At Phœbi nondum patiens immanis in antro
> Bacchatur VATES, magnum si pectore possit
> Excussisse Deum: tanto magis ille fatigat
> Os rabidum, fera corda domans, fingitque premendo."
> — — — — " Poscere fata
> Tempus," ait: " DEUS, ecce, DEUS."—
>
> ÆN. vi. 77 and 45.

hashes both ingredients into a wretched *olla podrida*, thus:

> Sinai, where awe-struck Israel saw,
> Ere yet was heard the sacred law;
> The glory of the Lord appear:
> While long and loud and louder rang

* SHAKSPEARE, *K. John, Act* IV. *Sc.* 2. ÆLIAN, *Var. Hist. lib.* xiv. *cap.* 39.

The archangelic trumpet's clang;
And wrapt in flames the careless shock
Quaking through every shatter'd rock,
The MOUNTAIN *cried,* 'My GOD is *here!!!*'"—Page 33.

Was ever bathos so profound as this!

Yet is not this whimsical writer wholly devoid of poetical powers, though he greatly lacks discretion: some of the following lines are favourable specimens. *The christian army is betrayed by false guides, after having wandered through parched deserts during eleven days. In this dreadful state of destitution, their provisions begin to fail:*

"We march and halt, and move and pause;
Till closing night her curtain draws.
Then half the army wakes in turn:
And twice two hundred watchfires burn.
And hunger scarce the morsel dares,
And thirst the cruse of water spares,
While chill'd with terror we explore
The reliques of our ebbing store.
"Dawns on our march the rising sun:
And scarcely is the march begun,
When fiery horse from every wind,
Circling, beside, before, behind,
With cymbal, conch, and every note
That brays from wars barbaric throat,
Arrow and lance in volleys pour;
Then swift recede. Again the shower
Thickens: again the foes evade
Our onset. Spent, beset, delay'd,
In front and flank and rear we bleed,
Leader and vassal, man and steed:
Short progress gain'd, when day retires,
And foes withdraw, mid guarded fires
Encamp'd our limbs on earth we cast,
And snatch the meal we deem our last."—Page 44, 45.

Here the language is good, the style is clear, and the versification regular; the punctuation, however, is extremely faulty, in this place, and throughout the book. Again:

> "From hopeless toil,
> Deaf to command, the troops recoil.
> The wearied soldier drops the shield:
> The falling war-horse shakes the field."—Page 46.

Again:

> "Throughout the host
> Confusion, slaughter, all is lost!
> Ask not a portrait of our woes.
> Before the star of evening rose,
> Of seventy thousand mailed men
> Were scarce surviving thousands ten."—Page 47.

As, in MARMION, an allusion is made to the recent bombardment of Copenhagen by Lord Cathcart, so canto II. of THE CRUSADERS concludes with an allusion to the discomfiture of Bonaparte, in 1799, by Sir Sidney Smith.

In canto III., page 51, we noticed a line containing a remark, in the favourite style of Interrogation, that made us, as BRITONS, muse:—"WHAT CHIEFTAIN KNOWS NOT GALLIA'S TONGUE?"—The *anachronism* is apparent; the *fact* is equally so, however, and it is most portentous. "*Nullius addictus jurare in* VERBA *magistri*," is a common boast: with but little violence to its plain meaning, we wish the Roman line (just now) were *thus* understood,—

> "*French force, French* LANGUAGE, *we, alike, despise.*"

The *fact*, we repeat, is portentous; that, even yet, in all seminaries of education for girls and boys, FRENCH *is sedulously cultivated, and "the order of the day."*

The minstrel of canto III. is an interesting youth.

> " Scarce twenty years he yet had seen,
> Blooming he stands with martial air:
> Behold, his arched brows between,
> His front a scar of battle wear.
> Skilful his hand from trembling chord
> O'er festal throng to pour delight:
> And skill'd alike to whirl the sword,
> Resistless in the van of fight."—Page 52.

Formerly, every bard was a Tyrtæus, who inflamed his countrymen for the battle: some too, doubtless, were warriors, as well as poets: and shared the perils and glories they commemorated, like Mr. WALTER SCOTT's *Last Minstrel*. The customs of all nations, in a rude state of society, are alike. Nobly does Lucan sing,—

> " Vos quoque qui fortes animas belloque peremptas
> Laudibus in longum VATES dimittitis ævum,
> Plurima securi fudistis carmina BARDI.
> Et vos barbaricos ritus," &c. &c,

The young minstrel's Song contains a prolix narrative of private misfortunes, told in a ranting manner. The story is as follows. The youth's family, consisting of a poor man, his wife, and eight children, whose ancestors had been exiled from Piedmont, dwelt humbly in the department of Jura. Two daughters died soon :—

> " I was of eight the youngest born.
> Two sisters in life's early morn
> Were called from hence."—Page 57.

Of the sons, three died in battle ;—

> " Of my gallant brethren, three,
> Philip had died in arms for thee."—Page 58.

One died, a warworn invalid, at home ;—

"He sinks; beside his couch we stand;
With dying grasp his father's hand
He presses. 'Where thy victory,
O Death?' My Saviour died for me!"—Page 58.

and one died amidst the *glaciers*?—

"My brother! Why that chasm deep
Of yawning width with venturous leap
Encounters? Stay thy bound. He falls;—Page 63.

The mother, enfeebled by palsy, expires just in the nick of time, as a religious mob are dragging her to the stake;—

"But all exhausted in her frame;
And hurried by the frantic rout
The feeble lamp of life goes out."—Page 71.

Lastly, to close the doleful ditty, the father,—

"Dies—as martyrs die."—Page 72.

Now, surely, Mr. ANONYMOUS! all this is tame and dull enough: and what has it to do with ACRE?

In his stanzas, however, our author is lively and alert; skipping about, to a jig tune, from measure to measure, from stop to stop, like a brisk, mischievous, chatterbox monkey, that has unexpectedly broken his chain. *Here he is!*

I.

"O let not, Philip, thine anger rouse:
Nor, reverend prelates, knit your brows.

II.

"O, had our holy father the Pope
Been present their blameless course to see;
Their fervent faith, their stedfast hope,
Their undissembled charity:
The holy father his willing hand
In blessing on their heads had laid;

And his voice which, men can say, can heaven command,
A prayer of mightiest words had pray'd.
And if he had blest them, and pray'd a prayer;
Could the wicked on earth, or the prince of the air,
Have had power, holy prelates, to do them wrong?
O in Italy why does he linger so long;
Nor hasten to curb the rage that assails
The servants of GOD in Jura's vales!

III.

"In vain we mourn, in vain we pray:
For our father the Pope was far away.—
Nor heard, so adverse blew the gales,
The sighs that arose from Jura's vales!

IV.

"*Vaudois*, of earth and heaven disown'd.
Than Saracen or pagan worse,
He bears the holy father's curse.
On chair apostolic enthroned,
The holy father has decreed
The universal race to bleed.

V.

"O had but our holy father the Pope
Been present the dismal deeds to see:
By *bell* and *book* and *candle* and *rope*,
Some awful curse on those he had sent,
Who feign'd apostolic decree
The vales of Jura to torment."—*55, 56; 66, 67.*

Gentle reader! are these BELMAN'S, or BOOKMAN'S, or CHANDLER'S, or HANGMAN'S verses?

WE have carefully perused the whole of this most unaccountable POEM: three of its cantos we have distinctly commented upon: the limits of our work will not allow us to linger equally over the numerous merits and demerits of the three remaining cantos. It is to us, really, far more agreeable to praise than to censure; but undue praise we

loathe, as much as we abhor unjust censure. The name of our book [THE SATIRIST] seems naturally to imply, that our *primary* aim is the chastisement,—the severe, the signal *chastisement* of abuses. Granted. But what is our *final* object in view? What propose we for THE CROWN OF OUR REJOICING?" Hear it, ye lovers of loyalty, ye lovers of virtue, ye lovers of religion; it is this:

THE MENTAL IMPROVEMENT OF OUR COUNTRY.

We lash false taste with unrelenting rigour, because it tends to debase the public mind; we hail with joy every emanation of generous sentiment, because this tends to purify and exalt it.

In our review of MARMION, although we reluctantly stigmatized it in the whole, we yet pointed out most cheerfully the passages in pages 355, 6, 7, 8; and declared, that in our deliberate opinion, they rank among the most animated irregular lines of modern poesy.* With the same unalterable spirit of liberality and candour, we have, in our present review of THE CRUSADERS, selected the passage in pages 44, 45, 46, 47. We will conclude the article with an extract from canto V. page 110. It is the description of an *English* MINSTREL. The metre is uncommon; but the general effect is grand.

" Rapt he sat in thought profound:
Now cast a fervid glance around;
Now panted quick, now scarcely seemed to breathe:
Now gaz'd on heaven above, and now on earth beneath,
And oft against his labouring breast
With sinewy strength his hands he prest,
As though the pen and struggling flame
Would rend the ties of mortal frame.
" Wide flow his hair and silver beard:
Athwart the hall he sprang:

* THE SATIRIST, No. VII. p. 191.

His harp beside the oriel rear'd
He seized, he swept with wildest clang,
Flash'd from his eyes the internal fire.
From king to earl, from earl to knight,
Through bosoms never moved in fight
Though Greek conspire with Paynim to destroy,
An awful shudder ran;
As though a being more than man
Struck a more than human lyre.
" Again the harp he smote: again the shudder ran.
Yet was the sound a strain of joy:
But joy so sacred and so dread
As burst upon the martyr'd dead,
When, cleansed each taint of earthy leaven,
From dungeon gloom or blazing stake,
Their trance of death dissolved, they wake
And find themselves in heaven."

In this glowing extract we perceive much Imitation, but not, what we choose to call, *Plagiarism*. The author who imitates his predecessors, only by furnishing himself with thoughts and elegancies out of the same general magazine of literature, can, with little more propriety be reproached as a constant Plagiary, " than the Architect can be censured as a mean copier of Angelo, or Wren, because he digs his marble from the same quarry, squares his stones by the same art, and unites them in columns of the same orders." The beauty and vigour of this passage is made remarkable by the ugliness and insipidity of its companions; thus, the effulgence of a bright summer's day is set off by the gloom of night and winter. Who knows, but that our sly author has a *design* in his *dulness*; and interweaves so frequently his coarser threads, in order to display by CONTRAST the excellence of his best materials? It must be so! and the wag was classical authority for his trick:

"Omnes aut vetulas habes amicas,
Aut turpes, vetulisque fœdiores:
Has ducis comites, trahisque tecum
Per convivia, porticus theatra.
Sic formosa, Fabulla; sic puella es."

A Letter to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, with a Sketch of the Prospect before him; Appendix and Notes. By W. A. Miles, Esq. pp. 264.

This perturbed spirit, who has been at rest for ten or twelve years, has again walked forth. We trace in this work every character of Mr. Miles's former productions. The same tinsel glitter of style, devoid of all genuine brilliance: the same disgusting egotism: the same overweening conceit of his own patriotism and abilities, and insolent contempt of those of every other person: the same pretence to political wisdom, without any information whatever, not even of the history of his own country and her constitution: and the same hatred of virtue, talents, and rank, which induced him to level his malignant, though pointless, shafts against the late Edmund Burke, and against the high and illustrious personage to whom he has, with equal effrontery and meanness, addressed this publication.

As to the end proposed by this Letter, perspicuity not being a quality in which Mr. Miles excels, it was some time before we could comprehend it. It was obvious enough that he meant, by servile adulation, to atone for his former asperity; but what he could mean by requesting his Royal Highness's interference in the present pressure of public affairs was not so obvious. That the Heir Apparent is the first subject of his Royal Father is well known; but it is equally well known that the constitution

of the country considers him only as a subject, and invests him with no political powers but what the executive power may confer on him. However, before we came to the conclusion of the pamphlet, the cloven foot was conspicuous. Its object was apparently neither more or less than to persuade the Prince of Wales, like the Prince of the Asturias, to assume the government himself, and reign under the auspices and the coercion of Bonaparte. Luckily for the country the plan is impracticable. The Prince of Wales is not popular enough to accomplish it were he so inclined; and notwithstanding some irregularities of his youth, he has too much honour and patriotism, too strong a feeling of the duties of a son and an Englishman, not to turn from it, and from its adviser, with disdain and indignation.

To shew how well Mr. Miles is versed in the history of his country, we cite the following passage from the preface, p. xvii.

"Those who have similar feelings with the author, as to what parents owe to their children, will lament, with migled sentiments of surprise and grief, that the King should never, at any period of his long reign, have invited his eldest son to assist at those councils which he is one day destined to guide."

Now, where will Mr. Miles find an instance of any King of England, from William I. to George II. who has done this, except Edward III. and perhaps James I.; and surely even Mr. Miles will not recommend the last as an example to be imitated.

Mr. Miles's account of his treaty with Mr. Maret for peace being *frustrated*, is the *acmé* of absurdity. That two obscure, very obscure, individuals should fancy themselves capable of adjusting the differences between two mighty nations, exactly resembles the fly on the axletree, in the fable. Mr. Miles did once employ his pen to

prove that the war with France was *inevitable*: to do, however, justice to his consistency, he soon after published a pamplet, to shew that *he* could have avoided it.

In page 32 we meet with this curious mass of absurdity and ignorance:

"When Lord Mansfield declared the Americans had passed the Rubicon, he might have proceeded with the parallel, without doing any discredit to those whom he would willingly have subjected to the proscriptions of Sylla or the Triumvirate."

This happy confusion of names and circumstances can only be equalled by a flower that adorned one of his former political productions, where he declared that

"The power of Russia was a colossus more formidable to the independence of Europe than ever the *famed Colossus of Rhodes was.*"

In page 109, after a most hyperbolical eulogium on Bonaparte, we find this very extraordinary passage:

"The civilization of Africa, and the whole of South America, in conjunction with Great Britain," (is Britain still uncivilized?) "offers to his enterprising mind achievements far more honourable than any he could derive from the most splendid triumphs. A peace with France, *followed by an alliance*, would secure the repose of the world for ever; but a peace that has *not an alliance for its object* will be fallacious, and lead to worse consequences than war."

What does Mr. Miles mean by an *alliance?* Does he mean to cancel that engagement, which in the preface, page xvi., he has the infamy of saying his Royal Highness was seduced into, in order to enable him to marry a relation of the Corsican tyrant? or does he recommend a marriage between the Corsican himself and the presumptive heiress of the crown, addressing the Prince in the words of Drances:

"Natam egregio genero dignisque hymenæis
Des Pater et pacem hanc æterno fœdere jungas?"

We had here intended to close our review of this abandoned production of an apostate libeller! but on referring to his former letters to the same illustrious personage, and to one addressed by him to the Earl of Stanhope, we felt ourselves imperiously called upon to expose more fully the contemptible apostacy and malicious falsehoods which their reperusal has enabled us to detect.

In his first Letter to the Prince of Wales, Mr. Miles appeared as his avowed accuser; and endeavoured, by every art which his malignant soul could devise, to blacken his character, and render him an object of public detestation. In the present he hails him as the idol of the nation, and as the only man that can save us from destruction! In his epistle to Lord Stanhope, he justly reprobates the bloody deeds of the French revolutionists; proves that England was *compelled* to declare war against them; declares that Mr. Pitt's *splendid talents* had twice saved his country; and asserts, that "a peace with France can be obtained by no other means than by a war with reason and humanity."

In the pamphlet before us, he defends the conduct of the French regicides, maintains that the war was unjust and unnecessary, ridicules the talents of Mr. Pitt, and asserts that we can only be saved by "an immediate peace and *alliance with Bonaparte*." What can have produced this gross dereliction of his former political opinions? Mr. Miles talks of his Royal Highness's *generosity;* and we know that apostacy is presumptive evidence of venality; but although Mr. Miles may have been bribed *not to calumniate* the Heir Apparent, we are confident that, in this attack upon his Sovereign, he is either influenced solely by his own diabolical and malignant disposition, or by *foreign* Machiavelianism. We shall now proceed to compare Mr. Miles with himself. Speaking of the French revolution, he says:

"We must not behold it as *the Jack the Giant Killer, or the Raw Head and Bloody Bones*, as it was artfully, not to say maliciously represented to be in parliament, and out of it, in order to frighten all ranks of people into an abhorrence, not only of France, *but of those principles which fixed the sovereign authority of these realms to the family of your Royal Highness!* Nor will it be improper to divest yourself of that generous feeling which the *emancipation of millions* is apt to create in minds not naturally torpid."—P. 26.

What Mr. Miles terms "THE EMANCIPATION OF MILLIONS," our readers may probably discover by perusing the following extracts from his letter to Lord Stanhope;

"The recollection that I have of Paris in its splendor, and of Paris in *ruins and in blood*, impress my afflicted mind with such a train of awful, melancholy, and painful reflections, *as* to subtract very considerably from the enjoyments of life, and to force me, at times, to regard the species to which I belong with horror! Yet while there are men weak or corrupt enough to hold forth the conduct of France as a model of superlative excellence, and worthy of imitation; while there are men so little accustomed to reflection, and of minds so perverse as to reject experience and prefer conjecture to evidence, their guilt, folly, or obstinacy, must be opposed by a force equal to that which they urge in support of opinions which should never have been revealed, and which ought to *have been withheld*, from motives infinitely superior to those which *policy* or *personal convenience* may dictate."—*Miles's Letter to Lord Stanhope, page* 8.

And again, in the postscript to the same letter, p. 151.

"The savage cruelties of the untutored Indian are eclipsed by the still more savage ferocity of the civilized European: the tomahawk and the scalping knife no longer excite horror, indignation, or surprise; while the wilds of America appear less terrible and more secure than the best cultivated and most polished part of Europe. Not content with individual sacrifice, the French mow down each other by scores and hundreds;" [what 'GLORIOUS EMANCIPATION!!'] and that some idea may be formed of their

extreme profligacy, the accused, when arraigned at the tribunal of *perverted* justice, impudently assert their claim to acquittal, not on their innocence, but on the *multitude* and *enormity of their crimes.*"—A pretty picture this of "the GRANDEUR of the GLORIOUS *struggle.*"

After blaming Mr. Pitt for not accepting the fraternal *hug* of the regicides, and of being insensible to what *he now* calls "the *grandeur* of the *glorious struggle*" of the French revolution, Mr. M. gives the following character of that immortal patriot:

"Perhaps few men who have been at the bead of our councils had less pretensions to the character of an able statesman than that gentleman: impatient of contradiction, too arrogant to be advised, with a mind habituated to detail, and not *very capable* of taking a comprehensive view of all the various ties and relations which gave this country a remote or an immediate interest in continental affairs; *almost solely* intent on the means of preserving what he had not very *fairly* acquired," &c.—*Page* 48 *of his* PRESENT *Letter to the Prince.*

And again. "Mr. Pitt, conscious that his talents and attainments would be found *inadequate* to the high station he filled," &c.—"The *insufficiency*, not to say *poverty*, of those talents, which venality even now has the effrontery to extol."

And he might have added, "which every true friend of his country will always remember with *reverence* and *gratitude.*" But Mr. Pitt is, alas! no more; and Mr. Miles has nothing to expect from *the dead.* We shall now see what this gentleman's opinion was in *the last century.*

"It really, my Lord, was not my intention to have said so much, but I have been forced by the circumstances of the times to come more forward than I wished: not *altogether* from motives of *personal regard* for the minister (*Mr. Pitt*) whose *talents I revere*, and whose *wonderful powers of mind* have TWICE SAVED THE EMPIRE. In rescuing the country from the dominion of fac-

tion in 1784 and 1789."—*Mr. Miles's Letter to Lord Stanhope*, p. 151.

Again. "I am really incompetent to guess what arguments even the minister (Mr. Pitt), with *his splendid talents* can urge," &c.—*Mr. Miles's* FORMER *Letter to the Prince*, p. 17.

It remains for us now to exhibit Mr. Miles not only as a vain and contemptible apostate, but in the still more odious character of a wilful and malignant perverter of truth. After having asserted that the war against revolutionary France was, in the first instance, "a wanton aggression on the part of this country," he proceeds thus:

"The attempts made in 1792 and 1793 by Messieurs Chauvelin, MARET, the two Mourgues, father and son, Noel, and Reinhard, to prevent hostilities, in which these *gentlemen* had recourse to *my* agency, prove that France was desirous to avoid, even down to Feb. 1793, a rupture with this country," &c.—"Mons. Chauvelin, in a very indecent manner, was ordered by Lord Grenville to quit the country; and Monsieur MARET, who crossed *at Dover*, as the other was crossing *to Calais*, was REFUSED AN AUDIENCE *on his arrival in London*; and also dismissed WITHOUT BEING ADMITTED *to an interview*, or allowed to enter into an explanation of the points in dispute. In the Memoirs of my own Times, comprehending the space of thirty years, which I am preparing for the press, it is my intention to enter fully into the history of the French Revolution, and to do ample justice to the *integrity*, zeal, and the pacific dispositions of the various *confidential* agents from the executive council, to whom I have referred in this publication, and who were *sent* from Paris to London in 1792 and 1793, for the *express* purpose of preserving a good understanding between the two governments; but as the present occasion offers a fair opportunity of mentioning them as they deserve; and as this work goes forth to the world *authenticated* by my name, I think it due to Mons. MARET, Mons. Reinhard, and Mons. Noel, to declare, that their unremitting efforts to prevent a rupture, are not the less entitled to the esteem of both nations, for having been unsuccessful."—Page 90 of *his* PRESENT *Letter to the Prince.*

Here we are informed by Mr. Miles, in 1808, that Mons. MARET was *refused* an audience; that he came over as the *confidential* agent, for the *express* purpose of negotiating a peace; and that he was dismissed *without an interview*: in his Letter to Lord Stanhope, however, written in 1794, when his memory and his veracity, we apprehend, were more to be depended upon, he says:

"I know that you entertained an opinion that Mr. MARET was authorised to treat with Mr. Pitt in 1792; and that the war might have been avoided, if the minister had entered into a negotiation with that gentleman. This opinion became general; and hence the torrent of abuse which flowed in every direction against government, and bore down for a time the good sense and justice of the country. It is to the influence of this impression that I attribute the part which your Lordship has taken of late in public affairs, and the acrimony with which you accuse administration of *being the authors of the war*, which Mr. MARET, the night I had the honour to see your Lordship at his apartments in Portman-square, *might have assured you it was not in their power to have avoided!!!* MARET's mission was of a *private* nature, and confined to *domestic arrangements* in the family of the Duke of Orleans. London at that time was crowded with a number of political adventurers, who were at once friends, enemies, spies, rivals, and informers against each other: all of them *pretended to be agents* from the executive council; and one of these embryo ambassadors aspiring to the honour of succeeding Mons. Chauvelin, *announced* himself as the person authorised to treat privately with the British minister; a confidential friend of Mr. Pitt was deputed to receive the propositions; but when *the parties met*, it was not *this* man, but *another*, that was deputed to treat. That other, my Lord, was Mr. MARET; and when he *was produced* from behind the curtain, it appeared that he had as little to say as his friend, and that NEITHER WAS INSTRUCTED TO OPEN ANY NEGOTIATION WITH GOVERNMENT!! Your Lordship will easily believe, that an interview obtained by trick, and *that could lead to nothing*, was not very long," &c.—*Miles's Letter to Lord Stanhope*, pages 143, 4, 5.

To prove that MARET *was not* an accredited agent, Mr. Miles quotes a letter which he subsequently received from him, wherein he says: Je n'étais point AGENT SECRET—Je n'avais NI AUTORISATION NI MISSION."—*Vide page* 148 *of Letter to Lord Stanhope.* What must our readers think of Mr Miles's principles and veracity, after comparing these damning extracts! We lament that the limits of our work obliges us to be brief; we, however, cannot conclude without expressing our disgust at the mean adulation and gross falshoods contained in the following passages of this infamous pamphlet:

"Every eye, Sir, is despondingly fixed upon Carlton House: the public voice, impatient to invoke your interference in behalf of a people well worthy of your confidence, conjures you to come forward with your advice at this awful moment."—Page 65.

"The nation will be justified in looking forward to the happiest results from your reign; and these expectations derive no inconsiderable support from the intimacy of your Royal Highness with persons in whose *integrity* and *independence* the country has the fullest confidence." (We presume Mr. Miles alludes to Messrs. Sheridan and Co. "All *honourable men!*") Vide page 75.

Our readers must "*remember* to *forget*," that in his former letter to his Royal Highness, he says:

"To fall into the hands of pimps, gamblers, and prostitutes, is among the common accidents to which every young man is exposed on his entering into society, and may be easily corrected: but you, Sir, disdaining the progressive stages of dishonour, started from the nursery into public life, the very prop and hero of faction, and attached yourself to *men of ruined fortunes and characters*," (Messrs. S—— and Co.) "who, under the sanction of your countenance, have attempted to *annihilate* at once the prerogative of the crown and the rights of their fellow citizens."—*Vide Letter to the Prince of Wales*, 1795, page 29.

Mr. Miles, not content with endeavouring to enrage the son against the father, has, with diabolical art, sought to kindle the flame of revolt among his countrymen, by telling them the preposterous falsehood, that it is intended "*to suspend the constitution.*" What, in the name of common sense, does the silly man mean by *suspension?* We are almost tempted to wish him *practically* instructed in its tendency and effects.

We most conscientiously acquit the illustrious personage to whom this letter is addressed, of having by any means instigated or countenanced its publication, but strongly suspect that a *little great* man on the other side of the water, has vouchsafed to honor the author with his patronage and support.

Mr. Miles's malignity has already been directed against a commoner, a peer, and a prince; we now behold it aimed at his k—g; and such is its progressive virulence and presumption, that we expect to see it levelled at his GOD!

The Cutter, in five Lectures, upon the Art and Practice of Cutting Friends, Acquaintances, and Relations. Carpenter.

In our capacity of literary judges, we have hitherto generally sitten on the criminal side; and in trying the offenders who have come before us, it has been more frequently our business to pass sentence of condemnation than to record a verdict of acquittal. If on the present occasion we have to pass to the other side, and are to exclaim, like the judges of our courts of law upon the admission of a learned barrister to the coif, "We spy a brother," it must not be supposed that we are deviating from our original design, or that our arm is weary of the lash. Whoever journeys in the region of satire, comes immediately within our cognizance and jurisdiction; and whe-

ther he conducts himself well or ill during his journey, we hold it to be our duty to take faithful note of his proceedings, and report accordingly.

The author of the humorous treatise before us has given, by way of preface to his work, hints to authors how to *cut* a reviewer; but as he has not himself put in practice any of the nine golden rules which he has laid down for that purpose, we feel no disposition to cut with him. His book is neither written in that happy strain of mediocrity, which is a certain passport to the dust and cobwebs; nor composed of uninteresting materials, interlarded with bald Scotticisms, and metaphysical hypotheses. There is not so much of it, nor is the style so lumbering as to defy even our patience; nor has he attempted to distance us, by "explaining the true angle of the mouth in pronouncing the proparoxutonos, determining the three great questions in schismochiology, or illustrating the neglected biography of Darapti, Felapton, Disamis, Datisi, Bocardo, and Ferison." And though his work is printed on wire-wove paper, and the type is rather sharp, yet we think we may venture to peruse it without fear of rendering our optics obtuse, or the risk of securing for ourselves the reversion of a distracting head-ache.

Our author commences his work (p. 9) by observing,

"That among all the maxims of heathen etiquette, and among all the social and moral precepts of the most enlightened nations now existing, there are none which ascertain the proper periods for knowing, or for slighting the same acquaintance; for caressing, or for overlooking, the same friend; for countenancing, or for neglecting, the same relation; and he laments that, amidst all the productions of modern genius, and all the beautiful offsprings of the press, no splendid treatise on this subject has yet smiled upon the public. To supply such a deficiency in British literature, and to promote the improvement of British manners, is the object of his lectures."

We would remark by the way, that we do not see on what account he has affixed the name of *lectures* to his precepts, which are digested into a number of distinct rules and maxims, entirely unconnected with each other, to be severally put in practice as circumstances may occur. A lecture, properly, is certainly a very different sort of thing: but lectures are fashionable, and this might have induced our author to adopt the term; and he hesitated less to adopt it, perhaps, from being aware that few fashionable lectures have any better claim to the title, and still fewer of those who attend them know any thing at all about the matter.

"A *cut*, in the metaphorical sense conferred upon it by the fashionable world," is defined (p. 11) to be "the intentional slighting, or overlooking, of any one connected with us, either by acquaintance, friendship, or relation."—"The *cutter* signifies the agent, or inflictor of a *cut*; by the *cuttee* is meant he on whom the *cut* is made."—P. 12.

Having briefly explained the general plan and nature of his work, he proceeds to the division of his subject, which he comprises in three lectures; to which he adds another, which he calls "first lines for the ladies!" His lecture on the art of acquaintances is introduced with the following observations:

"One of the greatest *bores* (to adopt the emphatic phraseology of those to whom we would be understood more immediately to address ourselves), one of the greatest *bores* of our old national manners consisted in being obliged to recognize, on all occasions, men known to us merely through the clash of social intercourse; men into whose acquaintances we were thrust by others by chance, or by necessity. We are at length, however, rising superior to such ceremonious prejudices, and it is thought high time to burst the shackles of an antiquated and slavish politeness. We live in an age of mental and corporeal liberty. We assert the sublime privileges of our nature. It is with justice, therefore, that it has

been established as a golden maxim of modern good-breeding, "that we should never incommode ourselves purely out of compliment and courtesy to others;' and 'that where civility and our own feelings or interest take opposite parties, we ought invariably to side with the latter. The more our feelings centre in ourselves, the less open we shall be to the mortifying compunctions of what has been called politeness. We are advocates for an unqualified independence, an individual self-sufficiency in society, which may render us secure from the obtrusive familiarity of all our connections, and make them aware, that their attentions are pleasant only when we want them."—P. 17.

These sentiments are enforced by precepts well calculated to render the art of *cutting acquaintances* easy and delightful to the meanest capacity. Two or three specimens, however, taken from the different lectures, will serve to illustrate our author's manner, which reminds us of Mr. Beresford's celebrated MISERIES; and will prove that he has not undertaken to teach a science of which he is not master.

"If you are riding on horseback, and would *cut* an acquaintance, whom you might perhaps condescend to notice in a lane, give your eyes a direction parallel with the two sides of the street, or turn your body obliquely to the opposite side of the horse, and examining very closely the parts adjacent to the hoof, look seriously, as if you suspected lameness, or the grease."—P. 23.

"As relatives are not a little obtuse in their nerves, and very apt to misunderstand, and not receive a *cut*, it will be often requisite to assist their weak minds with a frowning stare, a significant shrug of the shoulders, which will elevate the cape of your waistcoat to the vicinity of your ears; and, if more needful, a smile of the most profound contempt. But should they presume to speak and stop you, your only means of escape is to hear them out, to measure them all over with a lack-lustre eye, and with a buzzing sort of whistle to cross over the way."—P. 74.

"In receiving the attentions of a male acquaintance, remember

to proportion your civility to the depth of his neckcloth, the cleanness of his boot-tops, or the number of his seals. Take especial care, likewise, that his toes are significantly turned *inward* in walking, as it is meant to betray great skill in riding. Let him talk with a smirk about a great deal of nothing, avoiding particularly that sort of information which is reserved for you in the vale of years. And here let me advise you to consider as indispensable a stare of elegant vacancy, which should enliven the intervals of your conversation. Now wherever this is 'overdone, or come tardy off,' it will be necessary to treat him as a *flat* and a *bore*. To this end, you must allow the dialogue to degenerate gradually into a soliloquy on his part; and when your patience is thoroughly exhausted, retire with sullen majesty into the first shop that presents you with more fashionable heads of carnation wax beautifully attired, taking care to leave him petrified by a distant 'Good morning!' at the bottom of the steps."—P. 91.

We find in the first lecture, p. 31, directions to *cut* a dun; but on this difficult branch of the art, which is so necessary to be acquired in the present day, the author refers his readers for further instruction to a late Treasurer of the Navy, who is justly considered one of the greatest proficients in that part of the science this country ever produced. In the same lecture (p. 46.) he presents us with a description of a thorough-bred cutter; and as we are convinced it is a portrait drawn from the life, we would willingly, but for the copious extracts we have already made, exhibit it in our pages.

It will be easily seen that a work of this nature does not afford much scope for criticism: and we are persuaded that a sample of its contents must be much more acceptable and satisfactory to general readers than any opinion we could give on the subject. We may be permitted, however, to observe, that, with some few exceptions, the work is lively, humorous, and poignant; and displays a very accurate and minute observation of the manners of

the time. In the plates, with which it is illustrated, there is a considerable deal of humour, and character, and expression; they are designed with much spirit, which is well preserved in the execution. We must now take leave of our author; he *cuts* keen and deep; and as his weapon appears not to be blunted with the work he has yet employed it on, we shall be glad to see it soon again engaged in *cutting* up some other subject.

Asmodeus, or the Devil in London; by the Author of "The Faro Table," "A Winter in Dublin." Three vols. pp. 192, 206, and 218. Price ONLY *One Guinea!!* J. F. Hughes.

When we contemplate the present piteous condition of the wretched Charles Sedley, *alias* E——n, we cannot repress that species of compassion which a humane judge would feel at the sight of a criminal, whom he had sentenced, expiring on the rack. Still smarting under our lash, and no longer daring to affix his infamous name to his publication, he appears before us, as *he states* in his preface to this miserable work, for the *last time*. We suspect, however, that this is merely a *ruse de guerre*, and that he means to practise his swindling arts upon the public under a new *alias:* he may rest assured, if this be his intention, that we possess both the inclination and the *means* to detect and expose him.

It is neither our wish to render him more odious than he is at present, nor to deprive him of the miserable subsistence which he obtains from the charity of a few weak individuals, otherwise

"We could a tale unfold."

It is not against the man, but against his impudence and infamy, that we have declared "*bellum ad internecio-*

nem; let him cease to be a v——n and a s——r, and we will cease to be his enemies. The work before us is really too insignificant and contemptible to criticise; it has neither novelty to excite curiosity, nor temerity enough to excite surprise; and is therefore, like all Mr. J. F. Hughes's *imposing* publications, sold at an *enormous* price, that the few deluded people, who are weak enough to purchase it, may reimburse the expences of paper and print. We hear no more of reiterated editions of Charles Sedley's works; the eyes of the public have been opened to his folly, his falsehoods, and his infamy; and we have the satisfaction of feeling that we have been the cause of his exposure and disgrace. This work was advertised for November last, but the author prudently waited till the tempest of indignation, which we had excited in the public mind against him, had in some degree subsided; and even now he only ventures to publish a *part*, declaring, at the end of the third volume, that "two other volumes are ready for the press, the publication of which will depend on the portion of indulgence the public may be *candidly* pleased to bestow on this essay." At the conclusion he vents his harmless rage at us, in what he calls *elegant extracts* from the SATIRIST, No. VII. in which he has taken advantage of the printer's error at page 150, in putting three lines at the bottom of the page which should have been at the top, and thus spoiling the construction of four sentences, as was noticed in our errata at the end of No. VIII. We should have passed over his ridiculous animadversions in silent contempt, if we had not been anxious to prove, even *to his own conviction*, that he is as ignorant of grammatical construction, and as destitute of the qualifications of a critic as he is of the subjects on which he has written, and the attributes of a gentleman.

At page 216 he says: "I do not seek to dub myself a reviewer, I merely draw incontrovertible conclusions from

their own data." (Now mark his *data*.) "At page 191" (of the SATIRIST) "they quote thus: 'CREDET Judæus:' at page 151 they write 'he *has clipt*;' at page 216 their" (the conductors of the SATIRIST's) "*ignorance* is *still more apparent*, 'a dull opera OF the Rev. Bate Dudley's.'" He then proceeds thus *learnedly* to comment on these passages: "Now as scholars will not understand how '*credet*' can mark the imperative mood *of the verb*; and as they will be equally unaware either of the grammatical substitution of the *participle* '*clipt*,' vice the perfect tense, '*he has clipped!!*' or, of the *propriety* of denoting the genitive OF by an *auxiliary*'s, I must take leave to inform them, that the editors of the SATIRIST *profess* themselves to be SCHOLARS as well as gentlemen."

May our professions be ever *thus* controverted. In the FIRST place, we beg to inform CHARLES SEDLEY, ESQUIRE, that nobody but a dunce would have supposed "*credet*" to be meant for the *imperative mood*: (perhaps in another guess or *two* he may discover what mood it is meant for, and, with the assistance of Lilly's Grammar, what *tense*) in the SECOND, that the *participle* is, or *ought* ALWAYS to be, used after the auxiliary *has* in the perfect tense; that in his *explanation* he has *unknowingly* used a regular *participle*; and that "*clipt*," according to Shakspeare, Dryden, and Pope, is their regular participle passive, as he indeed acknowledges, of the verb '*to clip*: and THIRDLY, that the *auxiliary*'s, as he terms it, is *absolutely necessary* to render the sentence *grammatical*. To make this apparent to his *dull understanding*, we beg leave to ask him, if he has ever heard any body say, "that is a book OF *me*!" or that is "a dull opera OF *he*?" *We* should certainly say, "that is a book OF *mine*," and "a dull opera OF HIS;" and there is no difference in this respect between a pronoun and a substantive; the double genitive, therefore, should *always* be adopted. Poor SEDLEY, how hast thou

exposed by ignorance! We sincerely hope, however, that the above hints will enable thee, as Doctor Pangloss says, "to mend thy CACOLOGY."

THEATRES.

"*Cum tabulis animum censoris sumet honesti.*"—HORACE.

IT is really very hard upon poor critics, who feed upon novelties, to be so scantily supplied by their purveyors, the managers of the King's Theatre, and the Theatres Royal.

At the OPERA HOUSE only one novelty has appeared since our last; and that one in the inferior shape of a *ballet*. It is denominated "*grand, new*, and *Indian!*" Its *grandeur*, like that of a May-day chimney-sweep, consists in abundance of gold and silver tinsel; its novelty, in being even more absurd than any of its predecessors; and its *Indianity* (if we may be allowed to coin a word), in its name; for Mr. D'Egville appears to have most studiously avoided Indian scenery, Indian costume, and Indian complexions.

A lady and gentleman are, of course, marvellously in love with each other; and to prove the *strength* of their passion, they dance together until they almost drop; when the *fair* one is, *vi et armis*, ravished from her lover, and conveyed to prison by his rival. The young gentleman, however, has recourse to stratagem, and gets himself conveyed to the same prison in the character of—*a corpse*. Here we expected to have been treated with a *living* representation of Holbein's *Dance of Death;* but were rather disappointed to find that the dead man simply came to *life*, stabbed his rival, escaped from prison, and danced merrily with his adored *Constance*, until both they and the audience were completely fatigued, when the *curtain* very opportunely concealed the happy lovers from our view.

In the musical department nothing new has appeared; yet such are the magnetic powers of the inimitable CATALANI, that this theatre has been of late extremely well attended.

At COVENT-GARDEN nothing has occurred that can possibly interest our readers, with the exception of the revival of Shakspeare's tragedy of *King Lear*. Kemble's representation of the injured father was by no means perfect. There was a deliberation in his passion, and a preciseness in his anguish, which shewed that he acted from study rather than from feeling; and he therefore, in a great measure,

failed to excite that irresistible sympathy which the character of *Lear* is so well calculated to produce. When, however, in the inspiration of the scene, he forgot his self-prescribed rules, and Nature triumphed over Art, he was truly great; and he gave the celebrated curse with wonderful effect.

Of his brother Charles's *Edgar*, we can conscientiously say that it was a masterly performance. Whenever this gentleman can divest himself of his *ennui*, he never fails to delight. The character would not allow him to doze: and he obtained that applause which he so richly merited. Miss Smith's *Cordelia* was a chaste and impressive performance.

At DRURY-LANE a new opera, entitled *the Jew of Mogadore*, written by that justly esteemed veteran, Mr. Cumberland, has been produced at this theatre, with all the *dis*-advantages of *old* scenery, *old* dresses, and *old* music. The first act opened with a view of the sea, and a vessel in distress. The waves were represented by sundry long pieces of wool, fastened at the end to a wooden axletree, which reached across the front of the stage, and was turned by two men at each end, in the same manner that water is usually drawn out of a well. We had seen this exquisite piece of *aquatic* machinery before, in the melo-drame of *the Lady of the Rock:* it has since become a little out of repair; and divers waves fell off, and in the next scene remained to ornament the Jew's parlour. This piece is certainly not such as we might have expected from the author of *the West Indian, the Jew*, and *the Wheel of Fortune:* but it nevertheless is far superior to those things which have lately been obtruded upon the public under the name of *operas*. Its language is more classical than brilliant; and its plot more moral than interesting. The sentiments are all unexceptionable, and some of them very elegantly expressed; and its principal defects are a deficiency of humour, interest, and novelty of character. When we reflect how many years the amiable author has wielded his pen in the service of morality and his country; when we consider that his fortune has been considerably injured by his patriotic exertions; we cannot help regretting, that, at the age of almost fourscore years, he should be obliged to write, in order to maintain his honourable independence. On whom could government more properly confer a pension?

On the night of the 26th the stage was deprived of its greatest ornament—an admirable actress, and an amiable woman—Miss Pope, the last survivor of Garrick's school, bade farewel to the public; and has retired from a profession, to the respectability of which no person has added more than herself.

COMPARATIVE CRITICISM.

Non nostrum TANTAS *componere lites!*—VIRGIL.
Who shall decide when DOCTORS *disagree?*—POPE.

1. The Fashionable World Reformed.

"If we meet with no very profound remarks in this little volume, there is in it a respectable portion of *good-sense and judgment.*"—British Critic.

"If in this work there is nothing to be praised on the score of originality, there is certainly *nothing to offend*, either with respect to *idea* or DICTION."—European Magazine.

"This may be a well-intended, but is a *very dull* performance. The *thoughts* are mere *common-place, very awkwardly* put together, and *very ill* EXPRESSED."—Critical Review.

2. Politics of the Georgium Sidus.

"In a *pleasant strain* of irony and satire, this writer points out," &c.—Monthly Mirror.

"The present is an ironical performance; but the satire which it is intended to convey, loses half its force by the *glaring falsehood* and *palpable malignity* of the insinuations."—Critical Review.

3. Elegies of C. Pedo Albinovanus, with an English Version.

"These elegies were *not worth translating*; and if they were, the present author was *not competent to the task.*"—Critical Review (Appendix).

"The first elegy is *by no means unworthy* of a translation.—The *translation* is *not without merit: much* of what we have quoted is *very good.*"—British Critic.

4. Poetical Recreations; by Anthony Harrison.

"Mr. Harrison displays, or affects to display, in his preface, some modest doubts of success. And yet even those doubts might seem presumptuous in one who writes such lines as the

following, and calls them 'POETICAL RECREATIONS.' In what part of them, we would be gladly informed, is to be found either the *poetry* or the *recreation?* The numerous pieces, grave and gay, that fill these two volumes, *are equally destitute*, the latter of *legitimate vivacity*, the former of the *attributes of more solid writings*, and both of the *spirit of poetry*."—Critical Review.

"The reader of the dedication will easily conceive by what sort of poetry it is accompanied; *very flowery, conceited*, and *coxcombical*."—British Critic, for July 1807.*

"This author's effusions are *by no means deserving* of that *castigation* which he seems in some degree to apprehend. He may safely be classed among those who have *no mean talent* for composition, nor are deficient in *imaginatian* or *taste*. We recommend his volumes as what he calls them, 'POETICAL RECREATION.' "—British Critic (again), for March 1808.*

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5. Strictures on the Motions made in the last Parliament, &c.; in a Letter to Lord Howick; by John Bowles, Esq.

"The author concludes one of the *best-written, most argumentative*, and most spirited productions of his prolific and *able* pen, with the following strong and *judicious* remarks."—Antijacobin Review.

"*Good sense, perspicuity*, and *elegance of diction*,—in the present pamphlet all these necessary appendages to a well written piece are apparent. It is at once *argumentative* and TEMPERATE."—European Magazine.

"It is again the season in which it will not be inconvenient to

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* We recommend to the particular notice of our readers, this example of a work criticised *twice* in the *same review* with *contrary characters*. A similar instance occurs in our first volume (page 543), with respect to the Oxford Review. Really if those venerable sages, the editors of the critical journals, continue these *trifling slips*, we shall be obliged to institute a new department in our miscellany, under the title of *Comparative Criticism Extraordinary*.

make RUDE speeches to lord Howick, and it must be owned that Mr. Bowles avails himself of the opportunity and the invitation. We suspect that some of our readers will be of opinion that his newly recovered liberty has rendered Mr. Bowles *frantic;* and we can cite other instances which confirm the suspicion of his approaches to RAVING."—Monthly Review.

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6. Legendary Tales; by Eaglesfield Smith.

"We are inclined to think that this author has POWERS *which deserve cultivation.*—We shall be *glad* to hail this *poet* again, if he will cultivate something of a more polished style. He seems *by no means deficient* in *imagination;* which, when well regulated, is doubtless *an excellent ingredient* in the *poetic character.*" —British Critic.

"We will not *disgust* our readers by many remarks on these wonderful stories; which are too long for children in the nursery, and *too dull* for boys and girls at school. Our duty to the public however demands of us some animadversion when *folly* or *frenzy,* assuming the name or garb of poetry, stalks abroad without restraint in open day. We hesitate not therefore to affirm, that this extraordinary writer has *no ear for rhyme, no acquaintance with grammar,* and *very feeble pretensions to common sense.*" —Oxford Review.

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7. A Sermon preached at St. John's Church, Blackburn, 25th February, 1807, by the Reverend Thomas Stevenson.

"We cannot help *regretting* that Mr. Stevenson should not be content with the applause of his parishioners, to which by this discourse he is justly entitled, without *forcing it on the public notice.*"—Oxford Review.

"The author *might have spared his apology* for adding to the great number of fast-sermons already published, one as respectable as this, which *we regret that we did not more early see* and notice." —British Critic.

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8. Modern Geography, a new Edition; by John Pinkerton.

"Mr. Pinkerton has presented us with a production which is

not a mere *bookseller's job*; but is the fruit of the *persevering study* of a man of letters, and has been conducted on the *principles* and for the *advancement of science*. The author's own *style* is on the whole *dignified*."—Monthly Review.

"This new edition has been increased more than one-half in bulk. The new portion is a *most hasty and slovenly* performance, eked out by more than the *excess* of the ordinary *bookmaker's* arts; and compiled with so *little care* or *knowledge*, where it is not mere transcript of noted works, as to render it at once a *most unsafe* and most cumbrous guide. We are verily persuaded that the discovery of a *worse style* than Mr. Pinkerton's is reserved for some distant age."—Edinburgh Review.

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9. The Goodness of God, a Poem; by William Nevile Hart.

"Mr. Hart's blank verse often reminds us of the manner of Young, of which it is *no unsuccessful* imitation. Some of the passages are *not badly* executed."—Critical Review.

"The author's piety may be truly commendable, but for his poetry, *a penny is too great a price*."—Monthly Review.

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10. The Britanniad, and the Hiberniad; a Satirical Poem.

"A *spirited satire*, by a bard whose principles, political and religious, are sound, and whose *abilities* are *well calculated* to *display* them to *advantage*.—Antijacobin Review.

"Surely this gentleman never asked himself the question, 'quid valeant humeri?' or he would not, with his *moderate* poetical *talents*, have undertaken a *satirical poem*, which requires the combination of peculiar skill and energy.—Our readers would, no doubt, *lose all patience* if we gave them any more specimens."—Monthly Review.

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11. A Speech on the Character of the Right Honourable William Pitt; by William Edward Prettyman Tomline.

"Mr. Tomline's Speech comprises *much* that is *admirably drawn* of the character and actions of this great statesman. Whenever a biographer shall be found, qualified to go through the whole history and merits of Mr. Pitt, there will be some *fine fea-*

tures of character which even he must borrow from this Speech, or from the same sources of information."—British Critic, (Preface).

"In mercy to Mr. Tomline, we are disposed to draw a charitable inference from the *tameness* of his speech to the tenderness of his years. There is a perpetual embroidery of panegyric, woven from all the *fulsome* phrases of our language; and in the scanty compass of twenty-three widely printed pages, Mr. Tomline seems to have raked together every *complimentary prettiness* that may have been scattered up and down the sugar-candy dedications of obsequious authors, from the days of Milton to the present time. Mr. Tomline, we think, has most successfully copied the *eloquence of a provincial newspaper* in the following burst of *extravagance.* We can have no doubt that he summoned all his powers for the pious finale of his speech; but we have no hesitation in saying that it is as *drawling* as *insipid,* and as sombre as the fag end of any exhortation we ever recollect to have heard from an exhausted Obadiah at a quakers' meeting."—Oxford Review.

"The concluding sentence, as it *far transcends* the *general tenor* of the performance, should seem to have been taken from the corrected *theme of some schoolboy.*"—Critical Review.

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12. Oil without Vinegar, by Macall Medford, Esq.

"This is one of the *most sensible* political essays that have lately appeared; far excelling any other which has been produced by the present differences (with America), in the rare qualities of *candour* and *impartiality.*"—Edinburgh Review.

"The general doctrines, as affecting the relations between the two countries, are *most ably* explained. SHREWD and *sensible* as the author is," &c.—Critical Review.

"This work is *extremely* SUPERFICIAL *and incorrect.* Mr. Medford makes *assertions false* in themselves, and *injurious to the reputation* of others. He uses *abuse instead of argument,* and substitutes contradiction for confutation."—Antijacobin Review.

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13. Palmerin of England; corrected by Robert Southey, from the original Portuguese.

"While Mr. Johnes is employed, so much to his own honour and the advantage of literature, in rescuing the old chronicles of France from the unmerited neglect of time; and while the spirit which he had been instrumental in exciting, exerts its influence in an equal useful manner on the public press, in the reproduction of the venerable fathers of British history: Mr. Southey is *not without* his *claims to* our *approbation*, for the comparatively trifling occupations to which his hours of literary leisure are devoted. For if the historical records to which we allude, present us with a faithful picture of the extraordinary institutions and manners of our chivalrous ancestors, it is to romances that we must look for the *finer features*, the *nice peculiarities* of distinction, which are wanting to complete the resemblance. In this point of view, romance itself is an *authentic record* of past ages; and the labours of Mr. Southey may be viewed as *necessary to those of* our most active and industrious *antiquaries*."—Critical Review.

"Mr. Southey's talents and his time, in our opinion, might have been employed much more advantageously for literature and his own reputation, than in the execution of such an *useless* task."—Oxford Review.

"We know of *no advantage* which can accrue to literature from the revival of this romance."—Monthly Magazine (Supplement).

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14. Remarks on the Injustice and Impolicy of our late Attack upon Denmark.

"The author combats the necessity of this measure with *address* and *ability*. This pamphlet indicates *feelings and sentiments worthy* of our best days, expressed with *great correctness* and neatness."—Monthly Review.

"This author has recourse to the *most paltry artifices*, the *most pitiful subterfuges*, and the *most miserable sophistry*.—With the same *contempt* of decency and *of truth*," &c. "A more *profligate falsehood* was never advanced by man."—Antijacobin Review.

T. Gillet, Printer, Crown-court, Fleet-street.

The [illegible] Malignant[illegible] or

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or RAISING the SPIRIT.

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